CARMEL
TODAY AND YESTERDAY

BY DAISY BOSTICK

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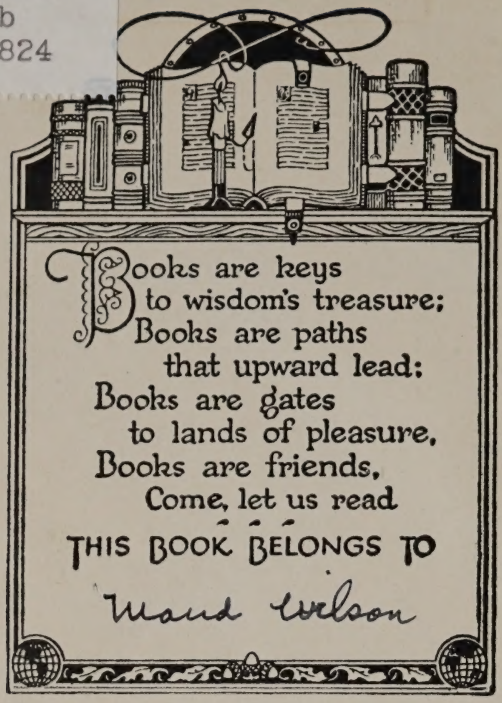

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OLD CARMEL MISSION—PHOTO BY LEWIS JOSSELYN.

CARMEL—TODAY AND YESTERDAY

BY

DAISY BOSTICK

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CARMEL
THE SEVEN ARTS
1945

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CARMEL MISSION AFTER RESTORATION
PHOTO BY GEORGE SEIDENECK

I inscribe this book to the memory
of my old friend
Perry Newberry

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CARMEL BEACH—THE VOICE OF THE SEA IS LOUDER THAN THE VOICE OF TRADE.
PHOTO BY GEORGE ROBINSON

CHAPTER I

CARMEL'S TODAYS AND YESTERDAYS

On the Banks of the Rio Carmelo

IT comes as a shock to the average Easterner to learn that all of eighteen years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, Don Sebastian Vizcaino entered the Bay of Monterey and took possession of the adjacent soil in the name of his sovereign, King Philip III of Spain. That was on the sixteenth day of December, 1602.

With Vizcaino's company had traveled two Carmelite friars. And when the commander named their landing place for his patron, the Count of Monterey, they requested permission to name the little valley to the south beyond the hill, Carmelo, in honor of the religious order to which they belonged. Their request was granted, and thus the name Carmelo existed long before any white man settled here.

In 1770, one hundred and seventy-five years ago, that pathfinder, Father Junipero Serra, founded the Mission and Presidio of San Carlos Borromeo de Monterey. But, in order to provide for its agricultural needs, a mission must have fertile fields lying close by. For this reason, a

year later, Father Serra and his group of followers toiled over the hill, picked their way through dense pine forests, and settled down again on the edge of the sunny valley which was more suited for their purpose. This was the beginning of the Mission San Carlos Borromeo de Carmelo.

Years afterward when the Reverend Father's bones were resting in the shadow of the lonely mission tower, when the flowing music of the Spanish language began to be displaced by the terse American of the Yankee, the final letter was dropped from Carmelo, and it remained Carmel.

The old Mission stands in austere beauty, though many of the adobe walls of the stockade which surrounded it in the old days have crumbled into fine dust. It nestles serenely on the lower slope of a wide meadow extending to the sea. Now, as then, the waves drone their responses to the Padre's call to prayer; the trees still whisper their secrets of love, beauty and romance; wild things—coons, foxes, coyotes—play hide-and-seek in the moonlight; the sand on the beach glistens just as white, the cliffs that border it rise just as gaunt, as in the days when Serra loved it. Indeed, so greatly did he love and appreciate the beauties of the country roundabout that he described it often as "The Garden of God."

The town of Carmel took its name from the Mission which lies just a stone's throw from the southern boundary of the village. Natural beauty of environment and a return to the primitive were the only inducements to early settlers. They drew a small group of artists and writers who came to find the seclusion which encourages concentration and the beauty which furnishes inspiration for creative work. And it was inevitable that Carmel

should become what some persons call an art colony.

Fifteen years before the village of Carmel had even its faint beginnings, a young man was tramping through the woods and over the hills of the Monterey Peninsula, making a survey of the land for the United States government. Something of the discoverer's exultant satisfaction filled him when one day he suddenly came out from the forest upon the white beach of Carmel. So strongly did the unusual beauty of this scene appeal to him that when he turned in his report to the government he accompanied it by an enthusiastic description, which was later printed in *Scribner's* Magazine. This first piece of our real estate literature, written sixty years ago, was by David Starr Jordan, and when Carmel was opened to the public many years later, Dr. Jordan was one of the first to buy and build.

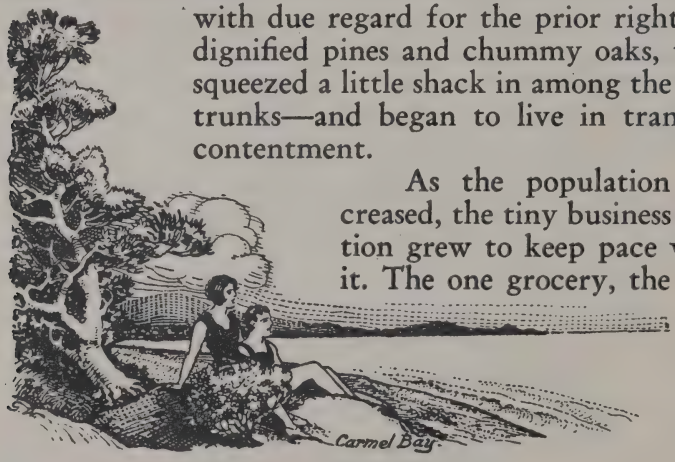
In front of Carmel lies a mile of clean white beach. Foaming breakers, showing translucent jade where the light strikes through, race with each other for the shore. Cypress Point on the north and Point Carmel on the south form what is known as Carmel Bay, though it is scarcely that in the usual meaning of the word. It is more as if a giant hand in forming this rough and rocky coast, had let a great thumb indent a shallow print in the outline of the shore. The open sea sweeps up on the sands with that same mysterious pull and powerful surge with which it pounds upon the rocky cliffs of the jutting promontories. Back of all this playground of the winds and the sun and sea-mist lie the shadowed paths and dim solitude of the forest where pine and oak mingle.

At one end of the town flows the Carmel River, wandering down through the drowsy, fertile valley. In the distance rise the mountains in wave-like layers, at

times brought into startling blue relief by the clear California sunshine, and again softened by the misty gray of a sweeping fog or the flame of a radiantly setting sun.

The Artists' Paradise

The early founders of Carmel—Frank Powers and J. F. Devendorf, both now deceased—had the vision to realize the possibilities of building a successful community without the usual commercial methods. In those days a four-horse stage brought the mail and an occasional visitor over the stumps, ruts, dust and mud which constituted the four miles of mountain road from Monterey. Word filtered through to the outside world that here was beauty, inspiration, a still backwater "undisturbed by the rush of the passing current." Brother artists came visiting—were caught and held by golden sunsets, enchanted woods, gnarled cypresses, rainbow-hued waters—and sent for their typewriters and their easels. A few dollars down secured them a lot. Then, with due regard for the prior rights of dignified pines and chummy oaks, they squeezed a little shack in among the tree trunks—and began to live in tranquil contentment.



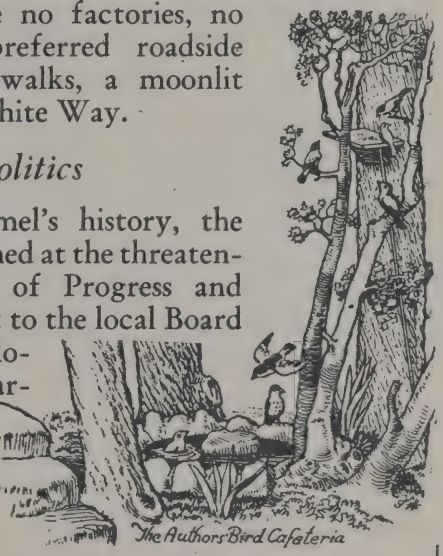
SKETCH BY GRANT WALLACE.

As the population increased, the tiny business section grew to keep pace with it. The one grocery, the real

estate office, the drug and candy stores, gown shop, hotel and barber shop have each acquired friendly rivals. Architects, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, lumber dealers—are all an integral part of Carmel's growth. There is also a group of distinctive shops specializing in unusual merchandise and housed in buildings of varying character, ranging from the small quaint picture-book type to the more modern and impressive structures.

The old horse-stage has long since gone into the junk-heap. Modern, easy-riding forty-passenger auto buses make hourly trips over a smooth paved highway to the station at Monterey.

Despite its growth, Carmel has developed along the lines consistent with the original atmosphere, probably because the people who settled here wanted just that rest and seclusion which Carmel had to offer. They liked it because there were no factories, no industries; they preferred roadside paths to city sidewalks, a moonlit beach to a Great White Way.



The Artists in Politics

Early in Carmel's history, the artists became alarmed at the threatening encroachment of Progress and elected an art ticket to the local Board of Trustees. The slogan was"—Keep Carmel off the map. We don't want Boosters' Clubs, Get-Together Or-

ganizations or Chambers of Commerce." One of the candidates, Perry Newberry—artist, writer, journalist—made his fight on the following platform:

"Believing that what 9,999 towns out of 10,000 want is just what Carmel shouldn't have, I am a candidate for trustee on the platform, DON'T BOOST! I am making a spirited campaign to win by asking those who disagree with me to vote against me."

Perry tacked his poster on the town bulletin-board. It read:

"Don't vote for Perry Newberry
If you hope to see Carmel become a city,
If you want its growth boosted,
If you desire its commercial success,
If street lamps on the corners mean happiness to you,
If concrete pavements represent your civic ambitions,
If you have less regard for the unique character of Carmel than for the opportunity of money making,
If you think that a glass factory is of greater value than a sand dune, or a millionaire than an artist, or a mansion than a little brown cottage,
If you truly want Carmel to become a boosting, hustling, wideawake lively metropolis,
DONT' VOTE FOR PERRY NEWBERRY.

The art element has attempted, and indeed accomplished, many thing for civic betterment. They bonded their little village for $30,000 in order to buy the sand dunes and cliffs along the shore line and to insure them for posterity against the hands of vandals.

They drafted a zoning ordinance to keep hotels and other commercial activities away from the beautiful water front and out of the residential sections. The battle that ensued was terrific; all Carmel came out of their hiding places and took sides. All who had small com-

mercial enterprises in the residential district—such as the lady who gave dinners to a few neighbors, the chicken fancier, the seamstress, the rug dealer—handled such words as "unconstitutional" with fluency and unction. Property owners felt that they should be allowed to do what they pleased with their own. A group of "progressives" planned a large Spanish hotel on the water front, "a bath to every room." And the artists in strong opposition to such a move had their hands full. They held

GROUP OF SHOPS OWNED BY PEDRO LEMOS.

neighborhood meetings—talked—explained—breathed—lived—ZONING. Lurid headlines in San Francisco papers announced the "Art versus Dollars" slogan, peti-

tions were circulated and a referendum election was called.

When the smoke of battle drifted out of the little second-hand furniture store where the votes were counted, it was found that the artists had lost—by two votes. But they consoled themselves with the thought that they had at least gone down fighting for their ideals. Later, another zoning ordinance, less drastic than the former one, was accepted without protest.

A number of the issues in which the encroaching hand of progress threatened to ruin the natural beauty of the place have been fought out in the courts. The artists bitterly opposed the paving of the main street. They brought suit against the trustees who had ordered the work done, and won on technicalities. Later the trustees corrected their errors and a concrete pavement was laid.

What Carmel Wants and Doesn't Want

It has many times been falsely stated that Carmel is opposed to progress. While it is true that the residents vehemently condemn all systematic effort to make so-called improvements at the expense of natural beauties, they are really quite normal in their acceptance of the comforts of civilization. They use bathtubs, toothbrushes and vacuum cleaners without protest, and they enjoy electric lights and refrigerators, telephones and good plumbing.

On the other hand they make no bid for industries with smokestacks, dinner pails and pay rolls. One real estate folder said frankly: "For those who seek a place to vent their enterprise in money-making, Carmel is perhaps the most unfortunate choice on the Pacific

Coast. For those who 'come west' for a job in California climate, there is little opportunity in Carmel except for the domestic servant or perhaps for some artisan of the building trades that construct the houses in which Carmel villagers live."

Seventeen Mile Drive

Along the shore between Carmel and Pacific Grove, which is at the junction of the sea and Monterey bay,

BLANCHED TRUNKS AND TWISTED CYPRESS BRANCHES ON SEVENTEEN MILE DRIVE—PHOTO BY LEWIS JOSSELYN.

winds the far-famed Seventeen Mile Drive. It sweeps across the velvet-covered cliffs of the Pebble Beach golf course which forms the northern boundary of Carmel. It passes the popular Del Monte Lodge. It skirts the

CARMEL-SAN SIMEON HIGHWAY
PAINTING BY LAURA W. MAXWELL.

OCTOBER'S GOLDEN HOUR
PAINTING BY M. DE NEALE MORGAN.

forest, which contains thousands of acres of stately pines, tangled oak and manzanita, luxuriant wild lilac. It wanders among the gaunt cypress trees, their blanched trunks and twisted branches straining back from the stormy winds that have buffeted them for so many years. A grove of these weird trees recalls the illustrations of gloomy forests in the old editions of fairy tales.

Then, out the Drive goes to the very edge of surf-beaten cliffs, along which are scattered lonely little rock islands, where seals and cormorants bask contentedly in the sun, and the air is filled with restlessly wheeling sea-gulls.

The elaborate mansions of millionaires give a specious air of civilization to the forest back of Pebble Beach, though incidents such as that of the artist who complained of being kept awake by deer, galloping up and down his porch at night, are not unusual. Glimpses of elk, wildcats, coveys of quail, are common.

The beauties of the coast, both to the north and to the south of Carmel have often attracted the makers of moving pictures and have furnished settings of many types, from simple New England fishing villages to the most sophisticated European resorts.

Point Lobos and Carmel Highlands

On the other side of Carmel, down the coast four miles, the rocky, cypress-topped cliffs of Point Carmel, better known as Point Lobos, run out into an azure sea. Artists revel in the fantastic beauty of this grim headland; writers dream over the richness of its legendary and romantic history. This artists' paradise has now been taken over as a State Park and removes any fear in the minds of the Carmel villagers that their favorite beauty

spot can ever be made into a real estate subdivision.

A short distance below Point Lobos is the Carmel Highlands settlement. It clings to the steep mountainside and extends from the lofty pines and redwoods right down to the ragged line of the mottled brown and white cliffs. The wide windows of the beautiful living room of Highlands Inn seem to hang over the edge of a jadegreen sea and look down into a dazzling swirl of surf gleaming in the sunlight. The intensely deep blue of the ocean here and along this section of the coast can be matched only in the vivid color that dyes the waters of the Mediterranean.

A number of painters and writers have been drawn by the charm of Carmel Highlands to make their homes there. They enjoy its nearness to the artistic and theatrical life of Carmel, its dreamy quiet and seclusion, and the vista to the south of lofty blue mountains running down to the water's edge and softly melting into the distant haze.

A road winds up the face of the mountain behind the Highlands. In long zig-zag sweeps, through pine and oak and manzanita, it takes you almost to the summit. By walking a bit further you can gaze in all four directions over a view that leaves you speechless by its vastness and beauty. To the west, the boundless blue Pacific; to the east as far as eye can see, an endless panorama of mountains, marching in rows and disappearing over the rim of the world.

Below the Highlands opens out a vast and almost unexplored country, said to be the greatest wilderness on the Pacific coast. Through this enormous acreage, which is drained by the Big Sur river, a road has pushed its way. It is known as the Carmel-San Simeon highway

and tourists are able to drive for miles along the Pacific Ocean on what is called the "American Riviera." Its scenic beauty makes it one of the most magnificent highways in the world.

Looking to the Future

There is much sadness at the mighty invasion of the past decades, at least among those who see the Almighty Dollar in its true proportions. They fear that the old Carmel and the spirit of its founders must inevitably retire to oblivion when commercial prosperity steps in. But the slogan of the artists, "If we must grow, let us grow along the original lines," has been surely effective in preserving to a great extent the beauty, charm and simplicity which have already furnished a lure for countless tourists and home-seekers.

Whatever happens, there will still be whitecaps dancing on the ultramarine blue of a friendly sea, mellow bars of rusty light will slant through pine trees, and mackerel skies will catch the rosy afterglow of a setting sun.

TWILIGHT ON THE COAST

By *Herbert Heron*

The valley fills with shadow and the sea-caves lose their light;
The headlands wrap themselves in mist against the coming night;
The dying sun is hidden by the rondure of the deep,
And little stars above the hills awaken from their sleep.

In cold and colder purple now the mountains disappear;
The winds are gone; the pines are still; the distant surf is clear.
In restful homes the lamps are lit; the children come from play:
The beauty of the night succeeds the beauty of the day.

CHAPTER II

THE PERSONALITY OF CARMEL

Carmel Homes and Gardens

ONE can hardly over-emphasize the charm of Carmel's homes and gardens and the important part they have played in attracting people of mutual tastes and ideals. Although there are a few imposing castle-like mansions of stone and stucco down near the dazzling crescent of beach, most of the houses look as if they had grown into their surroundings as naturally as the pines. Little low redwood cottages snuggle in among the silver green trunks of oaks, they hide back of masses of wild lilac or peep over the tops of quaint moss-flecked wooden palings. During recent years many of the "California bungalow" type have been built. They flagrantly proclaim their newness and are a matter of concern to some of the oldtimers who regret the note of modernity insidiously being thrust upon us. But these new modern houses may become mellowed with time, the shrubbery and trees may soften the bright colors and sharp lines of the buildings and they will probably eventually fit better into the storybook quality of Carmel architecture.

Many Carmel gardens are enchanted places! Step-

GROUP OF SMALL HOUSES IN CARMEL TRADITION.

ping-stone paths of chalkrock taken from the nearby hills wander among the bushes and lead around the bird pool which is an integral part of almost every garden.

Soft brown pine needles cover the ground. Masses of bright - colored flowers blossom hit - or - miss in all corners with the same fine spirit of democracy that has always been typical of Carmel community life.

The Easterner will find but few neatly-clipped lawns of green grass; instead, he will be quick to notice, growing in casual out-of-door hardiness, plants he has been wont to see carefully cherished in hot houses—luxuriant vines of fuchsia and fragrant heliotrope, hydrangeas and beds of the low growing multi-colored cineraria. Clusters of wild flowers nod their heads cheerfully throughout the garden and around the very doorstep—the golden California poppy, gay lupin and little wild pansies and buttercups.

The true Carmel garden knows no straight lines nor conventional symmetry of arrangement. The stately pines, the clumps of oaks, and the tangle of manzanita are allowed to hold their places undisturbed. The gardens—even the houses—take what is left of the sunny hillside and grow up around and among the first settlers as best they may. Much of this apparently natural arrangement is of course the result of "true art which but conceals art." The planning is so lovingly and understandingly done however that the beauty of Carmel gardens seems entirely natural and inevitable.

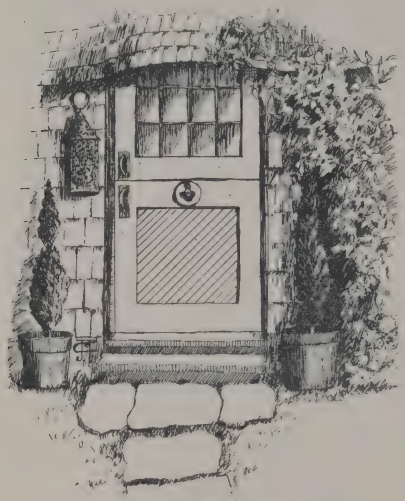
There is a certain air of mystery and romance about these glimpses of little redwood houses, with their gaily-painted windows and doors, which fascinates the passers-by — something friendly and hospitable about them. Looking at these houses among the pines and spreading oaks, you realize that the people who dwell in them must live in comfortable freedom from the heavy hand of formality. Who cares about the *Book of Etiquette*

GATE AND ENTRANCE TO CARMEL HOME.

when you can cook your steak over a grill in the garden, and eat your meals squeezed into a chummy breakfast nook, with birds pecking crumbs from the windowsill?

If you want to find any particular home in Carmel, you are never directed by number, for with a few frowned-upon exceptions, houses bear no street numbers. Your directions may be something like this: "Go down the main street three blocks; turn left and go five blocks. Your house is the third one on the right after passing that corner. In front of it is a large acacia and the house is painted gray with a red door and there is a sign hanging from the limb of a tree." And who would not rather start out on a search for THE GRAY GOOSE, ANGEL CHILD, WOODBOX, COOKIE JAR than to pursue a cold 910 Main Street?

Just as numbering your house is not looked upon with favor, so doorbells are taboo—that is, the sophisticated city type of bell. It is perfectly acceptable to hang a cowbell on your front porch to warn you of the approach of visitors. A long cow's tail hung at Mary Austin's door. This, timidly pulled by the stranger, set into loud jangling the cowbell to which it was attached on the inside of the house. Musical gongs or tinkling fairy chimes are found at some thresholds, but the knocker is the most popular. Every type is utilized. On one door



CARMEL DOORWAY
Drawing by Josephine Culbertson.

is fastened the sole of an old shoe with its heel to beat the tattoo.

Carmel front doors are usually adorned with a pad of paper and a pencil. And if you've come a long way through sandy roads only to find your friend out, you get some satisfaction in writing a note stating the purpose of your call.

CARMEL ROAD—LANES WIND ALONG THE OLD SERRA TRAILS.
PHOTO BY GEORGE ROBINSON.

A walk in Carmel generally turns into a voyage of discovery. Not so many years ago the wanderer would

find that somebody had put up a little studio in the corner of his garden—someone else had calmly picked up his house and migrated to another lot. And now where is that winding road through the pines? Disappeared completely since the last time you came this way. In its place sits a little steep-roofed board-and-bat cabin which must have sprung up like a mushroom over night. Today it fits snugly into the embrace of the oaks and pines as if it had been there since time began.

And Speaking of Roads

The Carmel roads have just as much individuality and temperament as any artist who came here to seek freedom of expression. Sometimes they choose to take a straight business-like swoop out to the edge of the Carmel valley, but more often they prefer to ramble aimlessly along. They meet an aggressive looking clump of trees and politely they turn aside, leaving a little island of forest in the middle of the street. Lanes wind through stately groves of pine along the old Serra trails, footpaths dodge in and out among the bushes, and although the motorist finds the roads very passable, he will do well to watch his corners and avoid the car coming around the hedge or the clump of trees at the intersection.

Carmel lies on the slope of a mountain-side, and the winter waters run tumultuously to the sea. If you don't want your lot entirely washed away, you get up in the night and with shovel and hoe divert the flood to your neighbor's garden. If the neighbor escapes being transported into the middle of the Pacific before morn-

ing, he cheerfully digs his little channel and sends the water back upon your lot. It becomes merely the survival of the most persistent, with no hard feelings on either side.

But even the Carmel native has never learned the ups and downs of the roads sufficiently well to navigate them on dark nights without the aid of artificial light. Which brings us to

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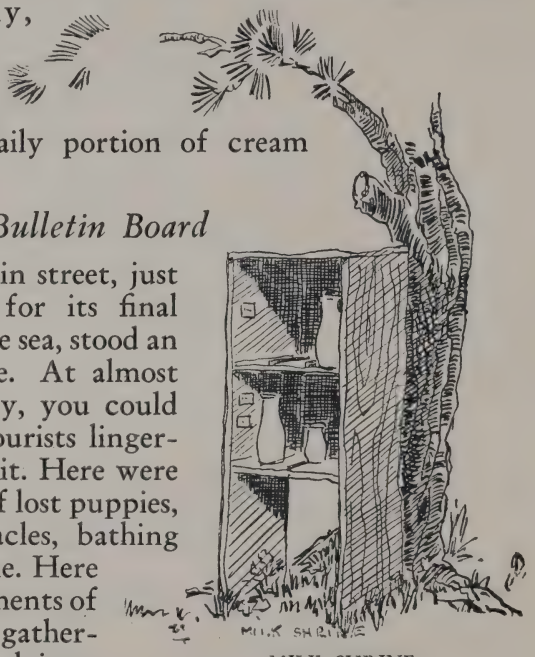
The Carmel Lantern of the Old Days

When candle and coal oil lamp were the only means of illumination, getting to the post office of an evening or to a neighborhood gathering was a difficult matter. A Carmel lady of social disposition and inventive genius took an old tomato can, punched a hole in the side, and pushed a candle through. Inside the can the wick burned steadily, protected from wind; outside the can the candle formed a handle by which to hold the lantern. Gleefully other Carmel nocturnal ramblers seized upon this invention. They called it a "bug" or "miner's wick" and found it efficient in guiding them safely over sprawling roots or around the holes which once trapped the unwary.

The next step in the progress of illumination was the more elaborate Carmel lantern made of a lamp chimney on a small round disk and carried by a wire handle. Modern flashlights and electric street lights have now superseded the old bug and the Carmel lantern, but many loyal natives cling to the ancient customs.

The Milk Shrines

To the newcomer they looked like little empty open-faced book shelves set on stilts. Slightly withdrawn from the footpath or sidewalk, if such there was, the milk shrine stood in lonely patience under the trees, one to every block. The shelves were divided into pigeon holes and the name of the claimant to each space thumb-tacked to the back of the compartment. Here every evening gathered the bottles, each with its exact twelve cents or a neat little milk ticket. The following morning out sallied the writer or artist, in bathrobe and slippers more than likely, to find that the cows had made the rounds and left him his daily portion of cream or milk.



MILK SHRINE
They stand in lonely patience.
Drawing by Rem.

The Carmel Bulletin Board

On the main street, just where it dips for its final quick rush to the sea, stood an old board fence. At almost any time of day, you could see interested tourists lingering in front of it. Here were posted notices of lost puppies, sweaters, spectacles, bathing suits and the like. Here were announcements of reading club gatherings, help-wanted signs,

posters advertising riding schools and tea rooms, as well as many a delightful exchange proposition.

The faith of a child in the efficiency of the bulletin board was once demonstrated in a notice reading: "Anyone finding the mate to this shoe please tack it up alongside." A battered little shoe hung in lonely appeal waiting for its better half.

Another notice read: "Lost—two loaves of bread. Will finder please return to - - - - - - at - - - - -. If eaten please bring 25 cts."

And when cross-word puzzles came into their own, a large scrawl appeared on the bulletin board: "Any one knowing the name of the great American serpent in four letters, please write it here."

In the old days this fence ran in opposition to a local grocer's sidewalk blackboard on which items of world news vied for interest with daily bargains in food commodities. One day you might read, "Taft elected President. Six pounds of sugar for 25 cts." Or perhaps, "One pair of brown trunks and one assassin's spear missing. Please return to Forest Theater. If no one is around put them under the loose plank in orchestra pit. Sardines packed in genuine olive oil 20 cts a can." But though this delightful board has ceased to function, the newcomer still gets an interesting and enlightening introduction to the character of Carmel on his first stroll up and down the main business street.

Ocean Avenue

Ocean Avenue is a curious blend of old and new, of the picturesque and the ordinary, of art and commerce. In these varied shop-fronts you are given a thumbnail sketch of the life in the Carmel of yesterday and today.

A BIT OF OCEAN AVENUE—CURIOUS BLEND OF OLD AND NEW.
PHOTO BY GEORGE ROBINSON

You will see a few frame buildings of the vintage of a quarter century ago, some of them plate-glassed—painted—face lifted—while some have been given false fronts. Others, however, have been built fairly recently on lines familiar to the citizens of any prosperous town in the west.

Mixed in with them are those original little shops planned, executed and occupied by people of imagina-

tion who see no reason why Trade should not be housed in Beauty. The visitor exclaims in delight: "How charming! How European!" And indeed there is a touch of the English in the half-timber of this one and the thatched-roof effect and funny little bow window of that one. And the clusters of small shops opening into the courts! Very beautiful are the Seven Arts Court, Pine Inn Shops, El Paseo and Las Tiendas.

In these attractive places you can buy useful and

PINE INN COURT OF SHOPS—PHOTO BY GEORGE ROBINSON.

SEVEN-FOLD BEAUTY: COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS
PHOTO BY GEORGE SEIDENECK.

beautiful things such as are displayed in Boylston St., Boston and on upper Fifth Avenue. Famous pieces of furniture, many of them imported from the Old World; carved ivory and jade; Chinese embroideries; rare jewels; imported tweeds and the finest of sport clothes; books and etchings and the latest in women's frills.

In the old days when Carmel played, it didn't matter whether your shop was stucco with brightly painted

APPROACH TO THE SEVEN ARTS COURT—WHERE ART AND COMMERCE MEET. PHOTO BY GEORGE SEIDENECK

window boxes or whether it was redwood or sober gray. If you could act or play baseball—and you didn't need to be especially good at it just so long as you enjoyed it—you had your place in Carmel community life, where author and grocer, artist and druggist, poet and plumber, all played joyously together.

Few of the shop keepers allowed business to interfere with pleasure. When the salmon run came in at the mouth of the river, notices appeared on the closed doors of many of the shops, reading, "Closed to go fishing." And on the door of one drugstore you could often read "Have gone home for a nap. Back at five." Herbert Heron wanted to go to Monterey one day but had no

excuse for going. He went, but compromised with his conscience by tacking on his office door, "Closed today. Shakespeare's birthday."

All shopping was a game of chance. You might find the store open and no trace of the proprietor—although the cash drawer would be invitingly unlocked. Stepping to the door and looking around inquiringly might bring results. From a knot of people occupying the sidewalk a gentleman might detach himself reluctantly and saunter back to his shop to wait upon you. He would possibly sell you some merchandise and would complete the transaction by inviting you to try out for a part in the coming stage production or to play in the baseball game on the following Sunday.

A trusting disposition had these shopkeepers. The proprietor of the news agency still leaves his supply of papers at night and on Sunday on the step outside his shop door with a notice, "Take one. You can drop the money through the slot in the door."

Carmel business men always had time to gather in groups on the sidewalks and argue about town improvements, to take part in plays and to show a keen interest in the arts. And they originally came from all walks of life and from all parts of the country. The proprietor of *The Seven Arts* had been a professional actor and stage director; the man who owned the news stand had devoted much of his life to the collection of bugs that would be a valuable acquisition to any museum. *The Cinderella Shop* was owned by a former short story writer. The plumber carried a spear in Forest Theater productions by night and plumbed by day; a genial plasterer declared that acting was his vocation and that he plastered as an avocation; the candy and restaurant

man was once sparring partner for a famous prize fighter; the hardware man had been a dancing teacher; the host of the comfortable inn divided his twenty-four hours between reading *Hamlet* and rehearsing in local shows, assuming that his guests would attend to their own interests; the proprietor of the flower shop called *The Bloomin' Basement* was the wife of one of America's best known writers whose stories sold for a dollar a word.

Even now, the visitor to Carmel will have some unique experiences and will look with amazement at many of our funny little customs. The real estate dealer, expecting a tenant to arrive by night or on Sunday leaves an envelope on the office door addressed to the tenant. In the envelope are the complete directions for finding his house and sometimes the key is enclosed; frequently the notice states that the house is open or that the key is under the mat or hanging over a gargoyle at the side of the door or in a hanging basket over the fountain.

After the day has really begun, Ocean Avenue becomes a place of much life and movement. Everyone makes at least one trip to the village. There is no mail delivery in Carmel, and you are likely to meet almost everyone you know at the post office around ten, three and eight o'clock, the times when the mail is distributed. Several times the government has considered the establishment of mail delivery but each time the old residents have put in a plea that things remain as they are. The post office, as it stands, is a Carmel institution. There is much pleasure in the meetings and greetings, the local gossip, the dog fights which cause a suspension of the incoming and outgoing mail until the combatants are separated and peace again restored. And the old residents

very much object to the numbering of houses, the installation of sidewalks, the uniformed mail carriers, all of which would be required if so radical a change as mail delivery were made by Uncle Sam.

In the earlier days parties were achieved with simplicity and dispatch. One Carmelite would meet another in the meat market or the post office. "Let's have a party tonight at your house," says A. to B.

"All right," agrees B. promptly, "you tell every one you see and I'll do the same. And say, tell them all to invite their friends." The chances are that B. at whose house the party gathers, gets a few of his own friends, but even if he doesn't he's quite happy making the acquaintance of a new group.

Carmel Dogs

Dogs are distinct and important personalities in Carmel. Their numbers are bewildering. It appears to an outsider that the business section at any hour of the day contains an average of about five dogs to a person. You stumble over them as you enter a store, you weave your way among them on the sidewalks and in the post office.

You can scarcely be a real Carmelite without a dog attached to your household. And he doesn't have to be pedigreed. Mongrels—strays—pooches—big and little —are to be found sharing family affection with their blue-blooded comrades.

Several dogs have been unofficially adopted by the townspeople as a whole. They get their meat from the butcher, their cookies from the grocer, their salves and ointments, after their fights, from the druggist; their

CARMEL'S PAL—PHOTO BY CARL W. JONES.

collars and licenses and often their baths are paid for by passing the hat, and on cold and rainy nights they sleep in the post office or mooch a nice warm bed in the living room of some popular friend.

Probably the best known and loved of any dog ever in Carmel was *Pal*. He was known by a variety of names. He answered to anything. He was friendly with everyone. He would attach himself to a group going to the beach, spend a sociable afternoon with the party and return to the village pretending he belonged to his new friends. He was a rough, uncouth sort of character—bristly hair of an Airedale, mouth and jaw of a Bulldog, head of a Newfoundland, and eyes as gentle and loving and luminous as those of a Spaniel.

When Pal began to take on the ailments of advancing age he was definitely adopted by one King Mederos —or possibly Pal adopted King. At any rate he was a tramp dog no longer. He had found a home. King put him on a rigid diet. Pal had his prunes and cereal in the

morning, his broth, his eggs and many expensive tidbits through the day. He was too big and clumsy to sleep in a chair so he acquired a special bed and mattress near the fireplace, and a change of linen weekly. The townspeople looked on aghast. They regarded it as a miracle that Pal should finally fall heir to that kind of life. Some of the other dogs called him "Sissy."

When he finally died he was buried in the Forest Theater grounds with a slab of rock to mark his resting place. Chiseled in the rock is his epitaph:

Here Lies
Pal
The Friend of all Who Knew and Loved Him
Carmel's Dog
Born ? Died Dec. 9, 1943

Carmel At Play

Not only the writers and artists who wish to relax after their concentration on creative work, but everybody else, including the visitor and tourist, falls under the spell of this natural playground.

Hills and valley, river and sea, forest and shore—they persistently call you out to enjoy your favorite sport in bracing breezes and golden sunshine. The golfer can reach in a few moments the fine greens of the Pebble Beach courses spread out upon the cliffs. The horseback rider and the hiker may follow for miles the beautiful winding bridle trails through a vast primeval forest where they often catch sight of elk and deer and coyotes, flecked with sunshine and shadow, disappearing into the

dense underbrush. The man who loves to fish may take his choice of angling with rod and line from the shore or he may go out deep sea fishing from Pebble Beach or Monterey.

Now, as always, there is no lack of variety in amusements. There can be beach suppers with hot dogs or mussel bakes, bonfires with singing, charades and impromptu games. There are community-owned tennis courts. The Carmel Woman's Club offers various forms of entertainment, including the bridge, book and garden sections. Poker and roulette have long been popular and there are also cocktail parties and swanky afternoon teas and luncheons, dress suits, imported gowns and calling cards. Carmel has gone a long way since everybody gathered around a driftwood fire on the beach.

Abalone League

If you were a visitor here ten or fifteen years ago and wanted to see all Carmel at play you would have gone up to Carmel Woods on a Sunday afternoon to watch a baseball game played by the famous Abalone League. Here were boys of ten and fifteen on the same team with boys of forty and fifty. Each team had several girl members. Writers, painters, the doctor and the druggist, business men, wood choppers and retired capitalists—all came out with eager zest each week. They played against each other under the proud titles of Sardines, Whales, Seals, Sandabs, Goldfish and Sharks. The score was carefully kept, and at the close of each season the losers gave a big banquet to the winning team.

The thrills you got from a hard-fought battle on

the Carmel diamond rivaled those of an Eastern "serious." After a hasty decision, the umpire was likely to go about looking for a knife with which to cut his throat and be out of his misery. Many a player who reached a base not wisely, but too well, spent the following week on crutches. A good play always received flattering recognition. When someone made a home run with three men on bases, both players and spectators crowded up to shake hands enthusiastically with the hero. There was no Carmel institution more characteristically democratic than its Sunday afternoon baseball.

Schools

Carmel is justly proud of its schools. Sunset Grammar School has an enrollment of almost four hundred and the High School about the same number. Both schools maintain a high degree of excellence and as is natural in such an environment, due emphasis is given to the arts. The Adult Evening School furnishes instruction in many branches and has a large enrollment. The Carmel High School built rather recently is a one-story adobe and is an example of beautiful and suitable architecture.

Carmel Library

The Carmel Library was provided for in the will of the late Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison who left funds for a site and for the erection of a building to serve as a memorial to her husband, Judge Ralph Chandler Harrison. The library is indeed an enduring monument, not only to an important Californian but to a woman who

CARMEL HIGH SCHOOL—PHOTO BY GEORGE SEIDENECK

loved Carmel and is herself intimately bound up in its most cherished memories.

CARMEL LIBRARY—PHOTO BY GEORGE ROBINSON.

Voice of The Sea

So far, the business of the town has pushed west only a few blocks below the crest of Ocean Avenue where it plunges down the hill—so steeply that the sea rises at its foot like a solid blue wall between the pines. Wherever you stand on Ocean Avenue, you may catch a glimpse of this blue and hear the murmur of the waves breaking on the white sand. Perhaps that is why the dwellers in this pine forest are content to let the voice of the sea sound louder than the voice of trade in the sunny streets of Carmel.

TO THOSE EXILED FROM CARMEL

By *Dora Hagemeyer*

Here on this morning heightened with September
The drifts of fog dissolving in the valley
Slip from the southward hills whose shining summits
Triumph above them.

The pines stand silent but for inner music—
Psalm to the eyes and anthem to the spirit,
Robed with the sun, and listening through their singing
For what high answer?

Shading the sea the fog-bank hides the sky-line,
But here the water blooms as blue as lupin,
A pasture walled and brightened by the greyness
Halted beyond it.

The scent of autumn moves through hill and meadow,
The weeds gleam dusty-gold; only the live-oaks
Ink with deep green the gentle flow of canyons
Down to the valleys.

You who are exiled from the land that bore you
Take this transcendent day and hold it fadeless
In your strong love—a talisman of beauty
Drawing you home.

PATIO AND ENTRANCE TO CARMEL HOME.

CHAPTER III

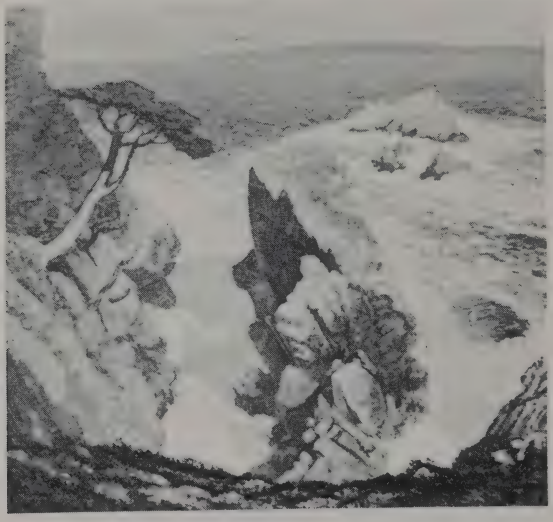
CARMEL AT WORK

Carmel's Appeal to the Artist

"IT smells like California, it looks like Paradise, and it IS New York." Thus Alma and Paul Ellerbe long ago described Carmel in an article entitled *Carmel—The Land of Unsuppressed Desires,* which appeared in a prominent New York daily.

No wonder Carmel makes such an appeal to the artist! Who would not exchange soot-filled city air for the fragrant odor of pines, backyard lines and endless dingy roofs for purple hills and green forests, the nervous strain of metropolitan life with the discomforts of piercing cold and wilting heat for simple living in comfortable surroundings? And why spend so much money merely to *exist*? Why not spend a third of it and *live*?

The artist who came to Carmel in the early nineteen hundreds found that he could secure a three-room bungalow, studio or shack for an extremely moderate monthly rent. He could add to his table with fish, abalone or mussels obtained by himself during his hours of exercise. He could spend years wearing out his old clothes. Aside from his smokes and the material for his work, what else did he need that money could buy?



CARMEL BAY

PAINTINGS BY FERDINAND BURGDORFF AND GEORGE KOCH.

The Carmel climate is ideal for the worker. Ocean breezes and soft drifting fogs keep it cool in summer; clear sunshine warms the air of midwinter. Meals can be eaten in outdoor patios many months of the year, and even after the sun goes down a pine log blazing in the open fireplace will furnish warmth and cheer.

Life swings along in easy, carefree, happy-go-lucky fashion. Ideals and sometimes a whole scheme of life will change when Carmel becomes home. Things that mattered so vitally in cities—bank accounts, conventional clothing, keeping up appearances—seem no longer of importance.

Occasionally a worker falls a victim to the disease of procrastination. With so much beauty just outside of his door, he finds himself yielding, almost before he knows it, to the fatal spell of "manana." Some of the earnest workers who require the stimulus of city life to offset the subtle effects of "carmelitis" divide their time between New York and Carmel. Others find that one hour's output in Carmel is worth two in less favored places, and that the beauty and serenity about them here re-kindle jaded imaginations. They work hard when they work and enjoy their play hours in the open.

Carmel artists are not Greenwich Villagey when it comes to costumes. An occasional batik smock, scarlet shirt or gay bandana may be seen, but these spots of color blend as naturally as flowers into a setting of green forest and blue sea. There is none of the jar of violent contrast which they make against a background of dingy brownstone fronts and dusty city pavements. The tourist cannot rely upon the costume to help him pick out the artists and writers in the streets of Carmel. He will find more often than not that the men in old felt

hats, flannel and corduroy are the nationally known authors and painters in their everyday attire.

The artists in the early days played a great deal, but their amusements were simple and normal and usually of a constructive nature. Groups gathered around a driftwood fire on the beach, discussed dynamic symmetry and the coming abalone tide with equal gusto, or listened to those of their number who possessed the gift of story telling. Afterwards, they adjourned to one of the Peter Pan houses set back behind a wild lilac hedge and danced to a wheezy phonograph till sunup. Whereupon they might decide to go down to the beach again, take a dip in the ocean and cook breakfast on the coals of last night's campfire.

Painting

A black cypress against a wind-torn sky . . . the lonely walls of Mission Carmelo softened and dulled with age . . . drifting fogs amid the sand dunes . . . Persian carpets of wild flowers spread over the fields . . . dazzling white surf fringing a deep blue sea, eternally washing grim and rocky cliffs—so endless are the pictures that nature offers the painter, the very wealth of beauty bewilders him. It is not to be wondered at that Carmel attracts so many painters.

Foremost among the pioneers were Sydney Yard, Ferdinand Burgdorff, M. De Neale Morgan, Laura Maxwell, Richard Partington, Chris Jorgensen, William C. Watts and Arthur Vachel. From these first painters sprang the impetus—the ideals of preserving the beauties of Carmel. They did the original work and from all over the country others came knocking at the door and

found a welcome from those within. The numbers multiplied and finally the present Carmel Art Association was formed. Some of the early members who are still

CARMEL ART GALLERY
THE MEMBERS REPRODUCE THE BEAUTIES OF THE PENINSULA.
PHOTO BY GEORGE SEIDENECK.

here and are active in this community effort are C. Chapel Judson, George Seideneck, Catherine Seideneck, Paul Mays, William Silva, Edda M. Heath, Ida Maynard Curtis, Celia Seymour and Nora Grabill.

Ira Remsen, lovingly known as "Rem," had a studio on Dolores Street. He was a writer of delightful fantasies and was rapidly achieving a reputation as a portrait painter. After his death his studio was acquired by the Art Association and remodeled to include three commodious galleries with an apartment and a penthouse where the Curator makes her home. The present curator is Mrs. Nellie Montague who is beloved by the public and artists alike. The Association now has a working membership of one hundred and seventy five including painters and etchers, and the associate members bring the total to over eight hundred.

The success of any community effort is the interest the community gives it, and this applies especially to Carmel, which has truly become art-conscious. The butcher, the baker, the housewife bought paintings and had first glimmerings of the value of such advertising to the outside world as compared to the small-town Chamber of Commerce projects. Thus it was that Carmel really grew up in this environment. The youngsters of yesterday are the business men of today. They are the members of our City Council who control the destiny of Carmel. They are rigid in their protection of our forest and beach, strict in their administration of our zoning laws, and generous and sympathetic in their encouragement of those who are trying to keep Carmel truly an art center.

To mention all of the working painters here would be like taking several pages out of *Who's Who*. Lack of space to do full justice to individual artists prohibits mention of many of them. One can but hit the high spots in a treatise on this subject and confine the subject-matter to a few of those outstanding in some particular

phase and to those who have lived and worked here during the birth and growth of the artistic movement. Some who come under these classifications are Henrietta Shore, Micaela Martinez, Florence Lockwood, Royden Martin, Jeanne D'Orge, Marjory Doolittle, Maxine Albro, Phil Nesbitt. Late comers are John and Patricia Cunningham, Martin Baer, Edward Timmons, Frank Moore, Clifton Williams. Lee Randolph has had a long art career. He was for many years the Director of the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco. Howard E. Smith has done many portraits of well-known people, among them Robinson Jeffers and General J. W. Stilwell. He also specializes on equestrian subjects and has spent much time on some of the large ranches of the country where he made portraits of the owners and their valued horses.

Among the younger members of the Carmel group is Alison Stilwell. To her should go special mention, as her work is distinctly out of the ordinary. She, probably more than any other Occidental, has captured the distinctive racial characteristics of Chinese art. It is said that she "paints in the Chinese manner."

William M. Chase, that master of still life and portraiture, conducted a summer school here, attracting pupils from many parts of America.

William Ritschel's famous marines are still painted in his studio on the edge of a rocky Highlands point where he is close to the sea he so loves to picture. Paul Dougherty was for years closely identified with the Highlands settlement. Other painters in that community are William C. Watts, John O'Shea, Jean Kellogg, Margaret Levick, Abbie Bosworth.

A big event has been held several times in which

special opportunities are offered the Peninsula residents to acquire fine paintings for their own walls. At such a time the village is agog with excitement. The butcher hopes to get a *Hansen,* the dairyman wants a *Silva,* the real estate salesman an *O'Shea,* and on the happy day of the gathering many Carmel citizens leave the Gallery pleased at their part in making the event a financial success and proudly bearing their newly acquired treasures.

Pebble Beach and Monterey are well represented in the local Art Association. Francis Mc Comas, who made his home at Pebble Beach, was an outstanding painter. That community includes also Ferdinand Burgdorff, whose desert pictures are much admired. And Paul Whitman and Salvatore Dali and many other artists make their homes there. An inspirational group of painters from Monterey, among them Arthur Hill Gilbert, Myron Oliver, Burton Boundey, August Gay, Frederick Myers, Lester Boronda, Gene Frances McComas and Abel Warshawsky exhibit in the Carmel galleries and help to form the background of this Peninsula effort. Armin Hansen of Monterey has a national reputation for his water front scenes and his etchings, which have a rare quality.

The Association is entirely free from debt. It has been able to enlarge its quarters and to hold its "burn the mortgage" ceremony. Unlike most artistic efforts of this kind, it has never had an "angel," but has always depended upon the national standing and individual ability of its members and upon the loyal support of the community, which takes an immense pride in its achievement. The Carmel Art Association can now go on with renewed vigor in the effort to bring before the little

world of Carmel and the larger world outside the beauties of the Monterey Peninsula which their talents have enabled them to reproduce.

Sculpture

Jo J. Mora has long been nationally known for his drawings and his sculpture. One of his creations of special interest to this part of the country is his Junipero Serra sarcophagus which is housed in the Memorial Chapel of the Carmel Mission.

DRAWING BY JO. J. MORA OF HIS STUDIO.

Finn Haakon Frolich has modeled many well known figures and monuments and has been in *Who's Who* for thirty years. Edwina Devendorf, daughter of J. F. Devendorf, one of the founders of Carmel, is an able sculptor. Austin James, also one of Carmel's pioneers has a number of fine works to his credit. Sculptors Dudley Carter, Alec Miller, Alexander Weygers and John Catlin are all Carmel residents.

Photography

Of course Edward Weston is nationally known and is undoubtedly one of America's greatest photographers. Johan Hagemeyer has had a studio here for years and has produced many fine portraits.

Edward McMurtry is one of the country's outstanding exhibiting photographers.

STUDIO OF GEORGE AND CATHERINE SEIDENECK.

George Seideneck is a painter of note and was one of the charter members of the Art Association. He has lately become deeply interested in photography as another medium through which he can reproduce the

beauties of nature. There is much comment and praise in local art circles for the fine quality of his work.

Through many years of Carmel's growth, Lewis Josselyn and Louis Slevin did much to foster and preserve the beauty of this peninsula through their photographic skill.

Dancing

In the early days of Carmel a group of young women, headed by Portia Mansfield Swett, established a school of classic dancing here. Their aim was for a natural and harmonious development of the body. Classes were often conducted on the beach and in the woods, and Carmel figured frequently in San Francisco papers as a result of the scantily clad nymphs tripping sportively at the edge of the sea or floating like wraiths through the pines.

The school gave to the young people of the village, however, definite and lasting ideals of the scope of the art. Since then, dancing has played an important role in the artistic life of Carmel. Important contributions to this art have been made by Saidee Van Brower, Jeanette Hoagland, Willette Allen, Frances Allen, Ruth Austin, Katherine Edson, Betty Merle Horst, Betty Carr and June Delight.

Architecture

Probably the most striking example of architectural beauty on our coast line is the Highlands home of D. L. James. It was designed by Charles Summer Greene, Artist-Architect. Made of the same rock as the cliffs to which it clings, the house blends into its surroundings

in spirit as well as material—a remarkable example of the poetic quality of the architect's vision.

Carmel Crafts

The ancient and beautiful art of hand weaving has held an important place in the crafts of Carmel. Frances Allen was the first to establish the weaving industry here. Following her were Ruth Kuster, Iris Alberto and Bernice Fraser.

Many years ago John Catlin established *The Forge in the Forest*. He called himself a blacksmith and specialized in ornamental iron work of his own designing. Francis Whitaker has now taken over this industry and many of the homes and public buildings show his artistic skill. The door hardware of the Presidio Theater is much admired.

Dorothy Bassett has gained a reputation for her beautiful pottery.

The Carmel Camera Club functions as a small amateur group and the members have done some fine pictorial work.

Science

Just off the main highway to the Mission, on one of the old Serra trails, stood a group of unpretentious buildings along the edge of a wooded ravine. Here was housed the Department of Botanical Research of the Carnegie Laboratory. It was directed by Daniel T. McDougal, who made a study of Cacti in practically every dry region of the world. He carried on interesting and valuable experiments in acclimatizing plants native to other countries and different altitudes. Other scien-

HOME OF DAN JAMES OF CARMEL HIGHLANDS.
DESIGNED BY CHARLES SUMNER GREENE.

tists who have lived in Carmel are C. B. Van Niel, Francis Lloyd, Forrest Shreve, Tage Skogsberg, Rolf Bolin and Herman Spoehr. The last named is now the director of the Carnegie Institute of Stanford University.

Audubon Society

The Monterey Peninsula Audubon Society was formed for the study and conservation of wild life, with an emphasis on birds, and to stimulate public interest in these subjects. Laidlaw Williams of Carmel has long been a recognized authority on birds and has done lecturing and writing regarding them.

Music

Music, like the deep undertone of the sea which bounds Carmel's shore, plays a running accompaniment to the song of village life. From the first, little groups of music lovers gathered at some of the houses to hear resident or visiting artists play or sing. After the music, there came usually a frank discussion of the player's interpretation—but always with that subtle sympathy and helpful interchange of ideas which is possible only when people have mutual interests and a common ground.

Peninsula Music Society

The earlier efforts finally crystallized into an organization known as the Peninsula Music Society. It was created by Allen Griffin, publisher of the Monterey Peninsula Herald, and David Alberto of Carmel. The

latter was a pianist of note, had studied with Leschetizky and had a musical career for several years.

The concerts were given in Monterey, and in Carmel at the Arts and Crafts Theater. Later, when Edward G. Kuster built the beautiful *Theater of the Golden Bough,* the concerts were given there. Mr. Kuster played an active part in supporting and sponsoring the work of this society. Mrs. Marie Gordon was also instrumental in securing musical celebrities and in promoting the commercial success of the enterprise.

The Peninsula Music Society finally cooperated with a large group of music lovers and the Carmel Music Society was organized. Thus one of the most successful musical clubs of the state was born.

Carmel Music Society

This organization from its beginning to the present year has shown an ever increasing success in its progress toward the goal set so long ago, "to bring to the Monterey Peninsula music that is represented by the most significant artists the world is offering."

The administration of the Society is through an executive board of thirty directors elected each year by the current season subscribers. This board, working through committees and without compensation to any member, assumes entire responsibility for selecting and engaging the artists, for the selling of enough tickets, season and single, to pay all expenses, and for the management of the concerts.

For the first five years the concerts were presented in the Golden Bough Theater, where the intimate and artistic atmosphere seemed particularly adapted to the

enjoyment of music. But with the decision to include large chorus and dance ensembles, and with the growth of membership, the concerts, beginning with the presentation of Kreutzberg, have since been given in the Sunset School Auditorium with its almost double seating capacity. And here too there have been many times in the past years when it has been necessary to add extra chairs. Now, in this nineteenth year, the season subscription alone accounts for almost the entire seating capacity of the auditorium. Where next?

Pianists, violinists, string quartets, singers, choruses and dancers, all have been nobly represented; among the pianists, Giesiking, Horowitz, Myra Hess, Casadesus, Rubinstein; violinists, Heifetz, Szigeti, Elman, Milstein; singers, Lehmann, Pinza, Crooks, Maynor; dancers, Kreutzberg, Martha Graham, Trudi Schoop, Argentinita, Shan-Kar, Angna Enters; and the Hart House, London, Roth and Budapest string quartets.

Denny-Watrous Gallery

Thirteen years ago the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Dolores Street was a stimulating center of music and art, its brief history exerting a definite influence on the cultural life of the village. It was opened by Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous in the low-raftered room which now houses the Pine Cone. It was dedicated to showings of art, music, lectures, open forums and theatrical performances. Continuous exhibits covered the walls featuring many well known artists, making the gallery one of the "musts" to visit in Carmel.

Their "concerts intime" became famous. Programs being given in the New School of Social Research in New

York City found their way to the gallery. Nicholas Slonimsky of Boston conducted Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" there, Henry Cowell brought a performance of "Jonny Spielt Auf" down from San Francisco, as well as many a lecture recital of his own works.

A few of the many who appeared in the gallery were Henri Deering, Richard Buhlig, Irving Pichel, Moroni Olsen, Redfern Mason, Kathleen Parlow, Miriam Solovieff, Luisa Espinel and the Countess Tolstoi.

The most interesting of the gallery's activities to the residents of Carmel were the open rehearsals of the Neah-Kah-Nie String Quartet and later of the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra, both of which were directed by Michael Penha, cellist. These open rehearsals filled the gallery and brought large audiences to the concerts.

Bach Festival

Carmel's distinguished musical achievement and one arousing national interest is the annual Bach Festival, an accomplishment which is the climax of the work of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, impresarios. The talents, vision, and energy of these two women reached a milestone when they brought to Carmel the Neah-Kah-Nie string quartet. Following this, they organized an amateur orchestra, which they named the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra, with Penha conducting.

A handful of players, in years from ten to sixty, with a few resident professionals, gathered in the Gallery, where they rehearsed before an uncritical and delighted audience, with an eager diligence which took form in the Carmel Bach Festival. This event was initiated, organized and produced by Dene Denny and Hazel

B MINOR MASS IN CARMEL MISSION—PRODUCED DURING BACH FESTIVAL—GASTONE USIGLI CONDUCTING. PHOTO BY GEORGE SEIDENECK.

Watrous, with the inspired cooperation of Ernst Bacon whom they engaged as the orchestra conductor for the first festival. Later came Sascha Jacobinoff and then Gastone Usigli, who directed the orchestra for five successive years. Under the direction of these famous conductors and with the cooperation of eminent soloists from all parts of the west coast, the Carmel Bach Festival has attained a standard of musical excellence that ranks it among the major music festivals of this country. It has had a one-hour coast to coast broadcast and has been reviewed by critics from the leading metropolitan dailies and by national magazines.

Given annually during the third week of July, the Bach Festival programs cover a full week, the climax being reached in the performance of the B Minor Mass, which is given in the historic Carmel Mission, through the courtesy of its Pastor and the Bishop of the Monterey-Fresno Diocese.

A Bach Festival committee of stalwart supporters aids the management in solving the vast problems and difficulties of presenting a major music festival in the small village of Carmel. This committee is augmented by the entire community, which takes loyal and affectionate pride in the enterprise. Local participants in chorus and orchestra accord the festival a singular and intense devotion, rehearsing tirelessly over a long period, some of them driving as much as thirty miles to rehearsals.

The City Council, the Carmel Business Association and many individuals contribute funds toward the festival's support, as did the Carmel Music Society in the early days of the orchestra. Local hotels entertain some of the soloists, many friends of the festival open their

homes to out-of-town participants, while restaurants give a generous quota of dinner tickets. In fact, the entire community works toward the continued growth and success of the Carmel Bach Festival.

Drama

The creative artist, living so largely in his emotions, is essentially dramatic. It is not surprising, therefore, that Carmel should have given a very prominent place to the arts of the theater and that the drama should have played a most important part in the development of the village.

The spirit of play is what marked the beginnings of the town's community life. The artists and writers came out to have a good time. Yet their fun was neither horseplay nor commonplace stodginess. It was always clever, unique, honest—funnily serious or seriously funny.

Still talked about is the famous "Carmel Whirl." On that whirl-a-gig day, the four-horse stage left at regular intervals for tours of Carmel. With a prudent eye to the daring Hitchcock robbers waiting somewhere in the manzanita to attack and rob the stage, passengers first visited the Whirl Around Pawn Shop, at the sign of the three high-balls, where they left their valuables.

Many and varied were the attractions. Whirling newsgirls! Whirling flower girls—extra fee for pinning the flowers on! A Spanish booth, with the twingle-twangle of guitars, the rattling of castanets, and the peppery tamale for sale. A candy booth, a Gypsy dancer, a vaudeville show, a raffle, and silhouettes drawn by De

Neale Morgan. Sinclair Lewis ran all over town "spieling" for the booths and concessions.

Most wicked of all was the "Merry Widow" roadhouse, which featured in an exciting raid, after which the inmates were haled into court and tried, furnishing much hilarity to add to the day's entertainment.

All this joyous play illustrates the spirit which the artistic element of Carmel put into its amusements. Such nonsense has broken out occasionally in Fetes, Circuses and the Follies.

The Forest Theater

This movement began in 1908, when Herbert Heron, fresh from active work in the theaters of Southern California, came to Carmel for a visit. Finding it impossible to overcome the spell of the encircling woods and curving beach, he decided to make it his home. Reluctant to abandon the stage, yet realizing that a regular theater would be financially impracticable in a village of three hundred people, he planned an open-air theater. Locating a perfect site on a hillside, he arranged for the use of an entire block of land, designed a simple platform stage, and benches for an audience, secured sufficient support for the inexpensive construction, named it the Forest Theater, organized the Forest Theater Society, and put a play in rehearsal with villagers in the various roles.

David, a beautiful Biblical drama by a California writer, was the inaugural production. This was the first of a long series of premieres, the aims of the society being three-fold: first, to give California playwrights, particularly those of the Monterey Peninsula, the op-

portunity to have their works shown to the general public; second, to afford practical experience for those interested in producing, directing and acting, and in designing and making stage sets and costumes; third, to give pleasure to Carmel residents and visitors by the performance of good plays in the unique setting of the Forest Theater, gloriously beautiful among the pines and oaks of its curved hillside above the western sea. Charming as it looks in daytime, it is only at night, with stars and moon and well-directed stage lighting, that the visitor experiences the romance, the mystery, the enchantment of the scene. At times the surf provides soft music . . . colored moth-wings glisten in the shafts of spotlights . . . a shooting star may slide down behind feathery pine tassels . . . .

Every summer, from 1910 onward (except for two intermissions) plays have been produced in the Forest Theater. Outstanding among the premiere productions were *The Toad* by Bertha Newberry, *Fire* by Mary Austin, *Montezuma* by Herbert Heron, *Junipero Serra* by Perry Newberry, *Serra* by Garnet Holme and *The Tower Beyond Tragedy* by Robinson Jeffers.

Also, to the delight of all ages, there were many children's productions, including a dramatization of *Alice in Wonderland* by Perry Newberry, *Confounding the Witch* by Grace Wickham and James Hopper, *Inchling* and *Mr. Bunt* by Rem Remsen, *Over the Fairy Line* and a dramatization of *Pinocchio* by Blanche Tolmie. All of these were premieres by Carmel writers.

In addition to the original plays, scores of published dramas were presented through the years. Occasionally light opera and musical comedies were given, such as

FOREST THEATER STAGE. SETTING FOR "POMANDER WALK."
PHOTO BY LEWIS JOSSELYN.

The Princess of Araby by Newberry and Cator and *Carmel Nights* by Elliott Durham.

For all these productions the stage settings were designed, built and painted by local artists; the costumes designed and made in the village, and a majority of the plays directed by Carmel residents, chief among whom were Herbert Heron, Garnet Holme, Perry Newberry and John Hilliard.

The Forest Theater has the distinction of being the first open-air community theater in California. In spite of many vicissitudes it has weathered wars and depressions and the encroachment of commercial enterprises. The list of plays that have been produced shows a wide range: modern, romantic and classical; from stark tragedy to uproarious comedy; from scripts of young writers to those of high reputation; from the lesser-known published dramas to the most famous in the world. The record of more than a third of a century has proved the worth of the Forest Theater as a great community effort in a great co-operative art.

Pageantry

Early in Carmel's dramatic movement, Perry Newberry wrote a pageant of the Mission, which was staged by Garnet Holme on an open space just off the main avenue of the village, on a warm July morning. Later, Newberry re-wrote and enlarged the pageant and again it was presented in the open field. A certain loss in illusion can hardly be avoided in a day-time performance in period costumes, so finally Newberry determined to present a Mission pageant by night in the Forest Theater. This production was most elaborate, making use of soldiers and cavalry mounts from the Presidio of

Monterey, and gave a beautiful and spectacular series of living pictures of the days of Junipero Serra.

In 1922 Garnet Holme wrote and produced a fine Mission pageant in the Forest Theater, calling it simply *Serra,* and this too was very well received.

Later, Perry Newberry staged a big pageant (written by Father Raymond Mestres) on grounds near Monterey. A simplification of this was later presented in the Forest Theater in 1927.

A few years later that fine old actor and stage director, George Marion, wrote a pageant of the Mission to be staged on the actual grounds of the Mission. Directed by Mr. Marion, who also played the role of Father Serra, this pageant brought people from all around to share in the tribute to the beloved founder of the California missions.

It was repeated in subsequent years, and deserves to be revived from time to time as a lesson for this age of strife.

Indoor Playhouse

Open-air settings were all right for play and pageant from June to September, but Carmel soon became too dramatically aroused to abandon its drama for two-thirds of the year—and rain is not of any advantage to audience or actors or even to sets and costumes. So a club house, with its small platform stage, was used through the winter.

After making the best use possible of this place for a decade, it was determined that a simple theater could be constructed to house the dramatic activities of the village during the rainy season and to allow the production in summer of plays that were unsuited to the Forest

Theater stage. Perry Newberry and Alfred Burton made the plans, secured enough support (helped by a good mortgage) to get it built, and the Arts and Crafts Theater became a reality.

Plays by local writers were thus given a better opportunity for production, along with many published works. Prominent among the presentations of the theater were the *Carmel Follies,* produced by Charles K. Van Riper; a new version by Herbert Heron of *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife,* and *Children of the Moon* by Martin Flavin.

After several years, the theater was sold to the Abalone League, famous for its baseball, and was renamed the Carmel Playhouse. Standard plays and current successes from New York, as well as several original works were produced. Prominent in the list were *The Bad Man, Peg O' My Heart,* and *Seventh Heaven.*

Later, the theater was purchased by Edward Kuster, who presented an outstanding list of plays, including *Beggar on Horseback* and his own adaptation of *The Thrip'ny Opera.*

Subsequently, the theater was leased to the Carmel Community Players, an organization composed of many prominent in the social and artistic life of Carmel. Among their productions were *The Firebrand, Rain, Green Grow the Lilacs, Little Women,* and the premiere of *The Devil Who Saw God* by Richard Masten. After this, Edward Kuster made a production of *Amaco* by Martin Flavin.

With Kuster's resumption of the Playhouse, the better grade of motion pictures was presented, with occasional stage plays admirably produced. The most

ENTRANCE TO CARMEL PLAYHOUSE—OWNED AND OPERATED BY EDWARD G. KUSTER. PHOTO BY GEORGE ROBINSON.

recent of these were *Dear Brutus* and a revival of *They Knew What They Wanted.* The presentation of the finest in pictures, with now and then a good stage production, is the present policy of the Playhouse.

Theater of the Golden Bough

In 1920, Edward Gerhard Kuster had come to Carmel to live. He was soon taking part in the dramatic life of the village. Playing small roles or big ones, arranging and conducting music for performances, di-

recting plays (including a massive production of *Caesar and Cleopatra* in the Forest Theater), it was not long before he came to the conclusion that he could do nothing better for himself and his chosen community than to build an experimental theater. This he did, and it was appreciated at once by the public as a definite contribution to the art of the theater. The building itself was of simple beauty, with no false adornments such as mar the movie palaces of the Golden West. Its interior lines were a pleasure to behold, its acoustics exceptionally good. Rejoicing in a deep and impressive fore-stage, a main stage of ample dimensions, a great sky-dome, a proscenium light bridge, concealed orchestra pit, and a wonderfully flexible multi-color lighting system, it was an ideal come into life and being.

Opening with *The Mother of Gregory* written and directed by Maurice Browne, there followed many fine productions, among which should be mentioned the premiere of *The Princess Salome* by Dan Totheroh.

In its second season, superior motion pictures were shown when stage plays were not programmed. Kuster did most of his own directing that year. The season saw also the second *Carmel Follies* directed by Charles K. Van Riper.

In 1927, Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous leased the Golden Bough from Kuster, and produced a score of vital plays, including *Hedda Gabler, The Emperor Jones, Craig's Wife,* and *Ghosts,* all admirably staged.

In May, 1935, shortly after a charming performance of *Candlelight,* the beautiful Theater of the Golden Bough burned to the ground, and Carmel lost one of its centers of art. Amazingly undaunted, Edward Kuster

STUDIO OF HUGH W. COMSTOCK.

has continued his dramatic activities in what is now called the Playhouse.

The Shakespeare Festival

Although a few Shakespeare productions had been made by Herbert Heron in the Forest Theater during its early years, it was not until 1926 that he was able to secure the needed support for annual performances of these great comedies and tragedies. That year saw a production of *Hamlet* with Heron in the title role. Succeeding years brought *Romeo and Juliet* with Jadwiga Noskowiak as Juliet, *The Taming of the Shrew, Julius Caesar, A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* and *The Merchant of Venice* with George Marion as Shylock.

In 1937, the Forest Theater was deeded to the City of Carmel, and W.P.A. cooperation was obtained for its rebuilding. This was done after designs by Hugh Comstock, who preserved most of the unique charm of the original theater in the new—and much more substantial—rock and concrete and heavy redwood of the present auditorium. The stage, of thick, oiled pine, rests on the concrete walls and columns of the dressing-rooms and scene-well, with rock-work facing the audience, so that the concrete is not visible. A sturdy fence of redwood pickets surrounds the entire block, with fine gateways and forest huts for ticket-booth and caretaker's lodge. The Theater has a seating capacity of six hundred. The total cost of the improvements was twenty thousand dollars.

The Theater was re-opened by a production of *Macbeth,* the first of a new series of plays which Herbert Heron planned as a regular Shakespeare Festival.

Twelfth Night followed, then *Hamlet, The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Julius Caesar.* A second production of *Twelfth Night*—streamlined—just got through in time to escape the black-out of lights on the western coast. So again the Bard was stopped, but with the war ended, the Shakespeare Festival resumes its exciting course.

First Theater, State Monument, Monterey

The section on Drama would not be complete without a brief record of the first theater to be built in California. It was in June 1937 that Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, having secured a lease of this historic building from the State of California, Division of Parks, re-opened it as a playhouse, presenting *Tatters the Pet of Squatters' Gulch.*

Since its managers and producers are Carmel's impresarios; since its costume designer and its stage technician, Rhoda and Richard Johnson, are of Carmel; since Franklin Dixon of Carmel was for five years on the First Theater staff, designing and executing the settings; since Maxine Albro of Carmel has painted a number of the sets; and since many of its most prominent actors have been Carmel residents—it is an understatement to say that the First Theater owes a measurable percentage of its success to Carmel talent.

The management called its players, who were local amateurs and some former professionals, the Troupers of the Gold Coast, limiting their field of production to old melodramas, with occasional excursions into more serious vein. *East Lynne, Ten Nights in a Bar-Room, Pinafore, Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Streets of New York* and many others have had their turn.

Directors have included Galt Bell, Ronald Telfer,

Steve Cochran, Irene Alexander, Lloyd Weer, Wilma Bott, Ramio Ramirez and Robert Douglas Hume.

Literature

It is not surprising that Carmel scenes should have found their way into the books of writers who have lived or visited here. Robert Louis Stevenson tramped over all this part of the country and wrote extensively of it. Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* gives descriptions of the country about here. Charles Warren Stoddard and Lloyd Osborne have written of its beauties. Jack London devotes several chapters to Carmel and vicinity in *The Valley of the Moon.* The first part of Gertrude Atherton's *Patience Sparhawk* deals with the Carmel valley and the old Mission.

Many nationally known writers have made Carmel their home and have drawn from its beauty and serenity the inspiration for their best sellers. Harry Leon Wilson was famed for his *Bunker Bean, Ma Pettingill* and *Merton of the Movies;* Mary Austin for her *Land of Little Rain* and for *Isidro,* which was written in her wickiup in a pine tree outside her redwood cottage. George Sterling was identified with the town's early history, which was coincident with his own rise to fame. Every boy who wanted to build a boat or dig for hidden treasure read Perry Newberry's boys' stories. Later he dug up a treasure of his own and applied this talent to the writing of mystery stories.

For many years, a vital part of Carmel's community life was James Hopper, fine craftsman. Frederick Bechdolt, still a Carmel resident, carries in his stories of the west the fresh breezes of the open country combined with the vigor and ruggedness of the pioneer and the

frontiersman. Bechdolt and Hopper collaborated in an interesting convict yarn titled 9009. Bech tells a good story on himself regarding this book. During a trip to San Quentin, he had a talk with one of the convicts who remarked when 9009 was mentioned: "De guy what wrote dat has done time all right."

Anne Nash and Anne B. Fisher both live up the Carmel Valley and each has gained a reputation in her particular field—Anne Nash for her mystery stories and Anne Fisher for her colorful books dealing with the traditions and history of the country roundabout. Most prominent of her books are *Cathedral in the Sun* and *The Salinas.*

Sam Blythe, author and former magazine editor is one of the most loved members of the community. Irene Alexander, journalist and fiction writer makes her home here. Talbert Josselyn, here since boyhood, writes extensively for national magazines; Dorothea Castelhun, author of the *Penelope* series calls Carmel home. Lillian Bos Ross is the author of *The Stranger* and *Blaze Allan* the scene of the latter being laid in the Big Sur country. Edward Cochrane, popular sports writer has settled here recently.

Martin Flavin, whose recent book, *Journey in the Dark,* won the Pulitzer Prize and the Harper ten thousand dollar award, has contributed to Carmel's importance as a literary center.

J. W. Wright has published several volumes of essays and poems, some of which he printed from type handset by himself and bound in his shop, formerly known as *The Press in the Forest.*

Dan Totheroh has for many years been identified with Carmel's dramatic and literary life, although he

spends much time in Hollywood and New York, where his plays are filmed or produced. He also has a number of novels to his credit, among them *Deep Valley* which has for its locale the Big Sur coast.

Van Wyck Brooks, scholarly writer of pure and beautiful prose spent much of his life in Carmel, and Sinclair Lewis was here for some time during his earlier literary career.

Jesse Lynch Williams, novelist and playwright, and at one time President of the Authors' League of America, was in Carmel for many years.

Lincoln Steffens during his later years was a valued addition to the literary group. He was a genial, friendly host to many famous and interesting people. Here he wrote his remarkable *Autobiography* as well as many articles for magazines on matters of political and general interest.

Robinson Jeffers, said by one critic to be the greatest poet since Homer, has made his home in Carmel for

TOR HOUSE AND HAWK TOWER—HOME AND STUDIO OF ROBINSON JEFFERS. PHOTO BY HORACE LYON.

three decades. The scenes of many of his poems have been laid on the coast south of Carmel and in the Carmel valley. Visitors from all over the world come here just to stop before his home on the rocky shore and to

ROBINSON JEFFERS. PHOTO BY EDWARD WESTON.

draw inspiration from the picturesque granite tower which was built by his own hands and where on its upper level he has spent much time in looking out over the Pacific and in the creation of his epic poems.

Perhaps one of the most widely known and loved writers of verse is Don Blanding, who has been associated with Carmel for some time. He has written and illustrated several volumes, containing many beautiful tributes to Carmel, including his famous *Carmel-by-the-Sea.*

Excerpts from Carmel-by-the-Sea

By *Don Blanding*

I found a place that appealed to me,
A town called Carmel-by-the-Sea,
A story-book town in a story-book land
On a curving beach of fine white sand
Where Viking waves make ceaseless war
With great stark rocks that guard the shore,
Where gaunt old cypress trees defy
The winds of centuries that try
To wrest them from the rocky soil.
Below the riptides surge and boil
Where herds of sleek and shining seals
Make clamor with their barks and squeals
And gulls in thousands lace the sky
With shining patterns where they fly.

* * * * * * *

It's a casual town with a lazy air,
The streets go wandering everywhere,
They twist and turn and dip and wind
As though they were planned by an idle mind,
And some are narrow and some are wide.
If they meet a tree they turn aside
In a courteous, friendly sort of way.
The streets are where the children play,
And the cats and the dogs and the shy brown quails
That wander in from the forest trails.

* * * * * * *

I never stay anywhere very long.
When I hear the clear sweet siren song
Of the open road . . . well, I have to go,
But it's nice, in the back of my mind, to know
That I've got a snug little hide-away.
I can lock the door when I want to stray,
And when I come back it's awaiting me,
My house in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

WITH PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR

CHAPTER IV

THEY'LL TELL YOU ABOUT—

The Carmel Pine Cone

WHEN you see the *Carmel Pine Cone* being sold on the street, you'll know it's Friday —and all is well. In the columns of this local paper, the happenings of a Carmel week are recorded, the kaleidoscope comings and goings of visitors and tourists, those numerous trips made by the residents to "the City," the intricate political news of the town, the doings of celebrities famous in art and literature, columns of gentle—and not too gentle—humor, dramatic and literary reviews, and all the necessary legal notices and vital statistics.

Frequently there appears a chatty letter from some Carmelite who is traveling far from home. It's so much simpler and easier to write one letter and have it printed in the *Pine Cone,* where you know all your friends will see it, than to go to the trouble of supplying each with a carbon copy of your adventures.

The *Carmel Pine Cone* was started in 1915 by William L. Overstreet and is now owned and managed by Clifford H. Cook and Wilma B. Cook.

The following extracts are taken from the Pine

Cone's columns of 1921 and 1922 over the signature of one "Pine Nut." They were written at that time by the author of this book when she was part owner of the *Pine Cone*.

When Sam Powers Drove the Old Stage From Monterey

Sam Powers, king of ex-stage-drivers, reigned long before the auto stage became a reality, and his "rein" was undisputed — by man and brute — for many years. With flourish and cracking of whip, he used to start out from the Monterey station, filling the air with picturesque profanity, shouting to the horses that they were carrying the United States mail, and urging them to go faster.

When he got half way up the hill, he would stop the stage and inform all men passengers that they must walk to the top. Coming down on the Carmel side he kept up a running commentary on the beauties of the scene, and many were the likenesses in trees to "ostriches or sich animules" which he pointed out to the admiring and astonished newcomers.

When Mr. Devendorf first tried out the new Carmel auto bus, Sam looked at it askance, distrust and jealousy showing in his sharp blue eyes. On one of its first trips, the auto stage ran off the Monterey hill into a haystack. Sam passed it on his way home. When he got to Carmel some one inquired jocularly, "Well, Sam, where's the Carmel-by-the-Sea bus?"

"Huh!" grunted Sam, "Carmel-by-the-Sea nothin'! It was Carmel-by-the-haystack when I come along."

One day Sam's beloved stage took a notion to fall

over on top of him. For a long time his life was dispaired of, but he finally recovered and is now the genial toll-gate keeper down on the lower road from Carmel to Pebble Beach.

How the First Carmel Labor Strike Was Settled

Another of our pioneer settlers was William T. Dummage, who came here twenty-eight years ago when Carmel was a primeval wilderness. Mr. Dummage shot a mountain lion at the turn of the highway coming into San Carlos Street. He paid twenty-five cents a barrel for water and he cleared the forest and sold wood for $2.50 a cord.

Working with Mr. Dummage was L. C. Horn, who later became in turn milkman (with fourteen customers), expressman and stage mail carrier. Ocean Avenue was then merely a cowpath to the ocean through the pines. The Reverend Sims, itinerant preacher, had a camp where the Golden Bough now stands. Tradition has it that the Reverend's black cat worked overtime to give Ocean Avenue its hoodoo which started in with a labor strike.

Dummage and Horn, John Cogle and a young fellow by the name of Foster were put to work by Mr. Devendorf to clear Ocean Avenue. Cogle was made foreman of the gang. One day, when Cogle was obliged to go to Monterey, he took the precaution of making sure that his men did their duty during his absence by marking off the distance they should cover. On his return he found that the men had not reached the strip of paper which indicated the extent of their job. Mr. Cogle

waxed bitter—and abusive. He blankety-blanked them energetically. The men felt hurt—deeply hurt. They laid their tools aside . . . and the strike was on.

Then it was that Mr. Devendorf, the pacificator, played his master stroke. He compromised—by creating *four* bosses instead of *one*. The four men went amicably back to work, and the strike was declared off.

A Deal in Nondescript Realty for a One-horse Shay

Ever since Carmel became an incorporated town, William T. Kibbler has been a bright and shining political target, but not many know how he acquired the property upon which his home now stands.

Before coming here to live, Mr. Kibbler owned a drugstore in San Francisco where he did a good line of politics on the side, training, one might almost say, for his coming Carmel career.

Then took place the incident of the buckboard. Bill had an ancient vehicle which had seen better days and was now, like a good old worn-out horse, eating its head off in a storage warehouse. He inserted an ad in the columns of a local daily and right soon along came a cheery, alert-looking man of business who introduced himself as James Frank Devendorf.

Negotiations started. Mr. Devendorf offered some lots in payment for the buckboard. Mr. Kibbler had paid $250 for his buckboard (second hand) and had used it for a number of years. He naturally wanted to get back as much of the original outlay as he possibly could in the trade. He could also see that Mr. Devendorf wanted that buckboard badly.

Mr. Kibbler was not to be caught easily. Not while he still owned the buckboard and could still Kibble. He fenced and parried and finally compelled Devendorf to acknowledge that his lots were in Carmel.

"Where the hell's Carmel?" demanded Bill.

Whereupon Mr. Devendorf invited Mr. Kibbler to come to Carmel and be his guest over the Fourth of July. Mr. Kibbler told his wife all about the incident, and they agreed to make the trip.

"We'll go down there to this man's little week-end party and have a good time all right—but you keep quiet about lots," said he to his wife. "Just let me do all the talking. I'll show him whether he can jip me out of my perfectly good buckboard."

They came, they saw, but Carmel and James Frank Devendorf conquered. Mr. D. became the proud possessor of the buckboard and Kibbler, the not too enthusiastic owner of two lots near the center of town, which, at present day valuations are worth several thousand dollars!

When Mr. Kibbler, in telling the incident, arrives at that part of the story, into his eyes comes the cold calculating look which he has when he's figuring how much premium he can get on Carmel City bonds.

"Do you know," he says regretfully, "I'll never forgive myself for not getting the entire water front in exchange for that buckboard. I could have just as well as not, for Devvy sure did want that buggy."

Mr. Devendorf chuckles over it and says, "I'd have given him anything he stuck out for if he'd only known it. But he took those two lots just as easy, though he did kick at their being so far out of town!"

How Marty Remembered his Lines

Everyone around here knows Xavier Martinez, the artist. He numbers many people in Carmel among his most intimate friends. We all have a very tender spot in our hearts for "Marty," who is a sweet, lovable soul. He has never been a resident of Carmel, but has been here often, and he and his work are known well by writers and artists.

Marty is a temperamental genius. At a studio gathering, he can sing and act scenes from the operas with skill and abandon. He is earnest, sincere, big-souled. He tackles either work or play with singleness of purpose, and when they selected him for a part in *The Toad,* his one idea was that he must without fail make good in the performance.

All the old-timers will remember *The Toad,* not only on account of its spectacular dramatic success but also for the sheer beauty of the lines. Mrs. Bertha Newberry was the author, Garnet Holme the producer, with Mr. Newberry playing the leading part. Martinez, due to his low beetling brow, was chosen to be one of the assassins. Perry and Garnet thought they had a find.

The rehearsals progressed. Marty had some difficulty in memorizing his lines, which consisted of the telling sentence, "I pierced him with my knife." He secured a good substantial shingle and spent much time and labor carving it into the most murderous-looking knife that ever pierced a well-beloved king.

The day of the first performance arrived, and Marty had not yet become letter-perfect in his part. Perry went around all day building properties and doing stage-carpentering, patiently calling out from time to

time Marty's cue. And Marty, with equal patience and perseverance, would respond solemnly, "I pierced him with my knife."

When Martinez was finally made up for the performance, he was the most beautiful assassin that ever trod the Forest Theater boards. The red turban wound about his head and knotted in the back, his gleaming black eyes, fierce moustache and swarthy skin added much to the atmosphere of the setting. The curtain was rung up. The play progressed through its successive dramatic stages. Finally the King, Grant Wallace, had been neatly dispatched with Marty's knife, and the villain, John Gribner, was about to be foiled.

The moment was tense. The four assassins crept stealthily up out of the palms. It was time for the criminal to hiss forth his confession.

Marty gulped, hesitated . . . then gulped again. The other three assassins stood petrified, waiting . . . waiting . . . Then, unable to bear it longer, they came gallantly to the rescue as one man, and three voices proclaimed, "I pierced him with my knife." The day was saved, but Marty's humiliation was pitiful to behold.

The next morning he sat in the Newberry patio, rolling his daily supply of cigarettes. "Bertha," said he (roll, roll), "eet ees awful. I must not spoil your beautiful play tonight! (roll, roll). My part ees ver-ry eemportant. Much depends on my lines, yes? (roll, roll). I shall be letter-perfect! *I pierced heem weeth my knife! I pierced heem weeth my knife!*"

All day long Marty rallied to the cause. Whenever any of the cast met him, they gave him the cue, and with

a wild light in his eye, he would ring out triumphantly, "I pierced heem weeth my knife!"

Let us pass lightly over the hours leading up to the crucial moment. Perry, in his anxiety to have Marty receive his full meed of praise from the audience for his dramatic skill, had cautioned the other assassins to keep quiet and not hog Marty's part away from him. Grim and forbidding, the four assassins bulked formidably on the palace steps. The cue came distinctly. The whole cast was in the wings waiting breathlessly for Marty's dramatic moment. He stood beetling his brows, true to form, but speechless. Perry sent out the cue once more in a sibilant whisper.

The First Assassin shook himself, then his desperate eye lighted on his knife, he thought of the shingle that had given it birth, and he gasped:

"OH G-A-W-D!! I KEELED HEEM WEETH MY STEECK!!"

Curtain

When Our Own Tom Played the Front Legs of the Elephant

Speaking of bad language, did you ever hear of the fifty-seven varieties of profanity that Tom Reardon put on the market at the zenith of his dramatic career?

Here's how it happened. Way back in—I disremember what year—when Perry Newberry's *Aladdin* was produced, one of the most important roles in the play was that of the elephant. It might be said to be one of the heavy parts.

If you don't think it takes a knowledge of stage technique to make a perfectly good convincing elephant,

you just try it. But Perry's skill was equal to it. He got a man to play the front legs and a man for the hind legs, gave them a heavy platform to carry on their heads, and threw over the whole thing a painted canvas elephant skin. On top of that elephant was a gorgeous canopied throne.

At the last minute, on the night of the performance, the cast was panicstricken at the dire news that the front legs of the elephant were missing! You see, the advancement of the plot depended on the maneuvering of that elephant. The play just couldn't proceed until the elephant could frisk and gambol properly, and it was sadly evident that he needed a full complement of legs.

Friendship is a wonderful thing. You never appreciate a true friend until he helps you out of a hole. Not for nothing had Perry Newberry had Tom Reardon fix his kitchen sink. Tom might even be said to have plumbed his way deep into Perry's affections. Be that as it may, Perry sent a hurry call out to Tom, who was seated in the audience looking forward to enjoying the show, that he wanted him to play the front legs of the elephant.

Now Tom was a good honest plumber—and he was something of an actor. He could do justice to bathtubs and bills. He could have played the polished footman, the roughneck robber, the dying old silveryhaired grandfather. He would even have tackled Little Eva uncomplainingly. But—to be asked to cover up his brand new suit with an old painted elephant hide and to get into a pair of elephant legs! This was a depth of ignominy poor Tom had never expected to *plumb*. Yet nobly he rose to the occasion. He went behind the stage.

Perry grasped his hand, his blue eyes filled and his voice trembled with emotion as he said: "Old man! Old man!" Words failed him. He pointed mutely to the waiting legs, and the play Aladdined on.

I think it must have been when Tom donned the leg coverings that he launched his first variety of choice epithets upon a preoccupied and inattentive crowd. Those legs were just painted that afternoon . . . the paint wasn't quite dry . . . and, as I said before, Tom had on his best suit!

The next straw to break the elephant's back was a one hundred and fifty pound princeling seated on the throne that was borne up by the much-enduring front legs.

Now it was the duty of Kenneth Goold, who played the Slave of the Lamp, or Keeper of the Animals or something of that sort, to guide the elephant safely on and off the stage. The front legs had had no rehearsal, the heavy canvas covering was anything but transparent, and our good friend Tom was as helpless as a newborn babe to find his way about.

When the grand triumphal procession left the stage amid the plaudits of the mob and audience, Kenneth and his elephant became separated. Kenneth departed from the stage in ordinary human fashion, but the elephant got its front legs tangled up with the trunk of a tree, and there it stayed, reeling and helpless. Even the back legs had escaped and Tom was left to bear alone his weight of sorrow, throne and princeling. It was a cold cruel world. He had stood cheerfully the freshly painted legs, the burden of the throne's weight, the ignominy of being made into a piece of scenery—but to be deserted and forgotten in his hour of trial!

Then it was that the air turned blue on that part of the stage. Low rumblings of profanity were heard. The princeling's throne trembled under the shock. The rumblings grew louder and louder. To Perry Newberry in the wings it began to sound like the trumpeting of a wounded elephant. He looked around, and found Kenneth Goold.

"Where is that elephant?" he demanded sternly.

"Somewhere on the stage. I lost him on the way out," answered Kenneth meekly.

"Go back and get that elephant," ordered Perry, "before he starts all over again in another language."

Perry reckons that Tom endured his stage wait just about a minute, but Tom Reardon swears that he was lost astride that tree for a solid half hour.

The Police Force of Carmel and its Remarkable Activities.

I was gloating over my Crimson Ramblers as usual about eight-thirty in the morning when the Marshal passed. His name is August Englund, but except when some facetious person suggests that Englund expects every man to do his duty, he is known to the general public as "The Marshal" and to his particular friends as Gus. When he is taken unawares and looks pleasant for a moment, he always acts ashamed of it for an hour thereafter. A frown expressing the dignity of his position usually has possession of his ruddy face as he pursues his duties.

By eight-thirty-two we get going about as follows:

"Nice day to-day, Chief."

"Ya-as, no rain to-day."

"Do you think the fog will drift in by and by?"

"Naw, no fog to-day."

Then he gives me a stern glance or two to make sure that I'm not throwing eggshells in the bushes or harboring a wheelbarrow that doesn't belong to me, and drifts on. If I failed to greet the Marshal in the morning, I should feel that the sun had not punched the clock on time or that I'd missed my morning coffee. He's a stimulant, indeed—at times, quite heady—and about the most picturesque and useful figure around here.

The Prince of Wales has nothing on the Marshal in the way of titles. He is Tax Collector, Mounted Escort for all visiting dignitaries, Protector of the Unprotected, Chief of Police, Traffic Cop, Bailiff of the Court and Head of the Board of Censorship for Undesirables. He makes the fire in the City Hall on board nights, and when some one comes to the meeting, Gus gets him a chair. He also runs a checking bureau for the Trustees' overcoats.

The Marshal is very thorough in the performance of his duties and has never been known to refuse a request for assistance even to drowning a pillowslip of cats recently for the wife of a well-known author. He didn't object to playing the role of chief mourner at the passing of the tabbies, but he grumbled a trifle at being asked to go a mile out of his way to return the pillowslip!

The Board of Trustees recently passed ordinances which provided for the licensing of cats as well as dogs, and forbidding chickens to appear on the main street. The ignominy of having to enforce these ordinances sits heavily upon the Marshal. He claims that when he

rounds up the cats and tags them, he can't find any one to claim them. And despite his utmost vigilance, an occasional fat hen will wander into the drygoods store to be casually swept out at the matutinal hour of cleaning.

The Marshal's life isn't just one joyride of chasing cats and chickens. He can organize search parties for missing husbands, he can spot a petting party a mile off, and he has a sure instinct for finding dead bodies.

Gus, without his black horse, seems as incomplete as one half of a pair of scissors. Early each morning they make the rounds of the town. First, down to the beach to allow Beauty to drink her mornin's mornin' of salt water. Then up by the Point to see whether Mrs. So-and-so again forgot to turn off her porch light. A frightened female runs out to tell him that she thought she heard steps under her window the night before. Solemnly Gus gets out his revolver and tape line. After due investigation he proclaims that the marauder must have been a dog. Farther down the line a strange lady appears in negligee and asks his assistance in lighting her coal oil stove. In the next block he stops to inform an innocent equestrienne that the cinch of her saddle is dangerously loose. She looks an appeal and he cheerfully tightens it, throwing in a few words of advice about the art of horsemanship in general.

The Marshal is a clearing house for disputes, settlements, troubles and difficulties of all kinds. If there's anything under heaven that's unpleasant to do, if there's something no one in your family wishes to do, send for the Marshal. But don't ask him to countenance bootlegging for he's one of the old-fashioned kind of American citizen who believes the law was made to be obeyed. Moreover he's an efficient sniff-squad all by himself.

Occasionally his duties lead Gus into important and dangerous experiences. Carmel is yet without a "hoosegow." About once in five years or so it becomes necessary for the City Government to ask the hospitality of its sister city Monterey for entertaining some knight of the road who has been found wandering to no good purpose in the sacred precincts of the art colony. A short time ago the Marshal was called upon to suggest to such a gentleman that he face about away from the setting sun and continue on his travels. He protested that he was a follower of the Muse, who loved freedom and liberty, that he hadn't done any harm and that he wished to wander in the haunts of creative art.

Unmoved Gus arrested him in the name of the Law and Perry Newberry, got a taxi and started for Monterey. Whereupon the prisoner expressed his resentment by kicking through the curtains of the car and biting the Marshal viciously on the arm. The Trustees were obliged to stand for the repair bill, the doctor bill and four days' board for the prisoner in the Monterey jail.

There is a strong movement on foot to put a padlock on the Marshal's garage and use it for the town jail so that Monterey shall not profit by Carmel crime.

If you're friendly with the Marshal he'll stop and chat a bit. He'll give you a rare, shy smile and show you how nicely Beauty can do a showy bit of sidestepping. Your last view of him is an erect, soldierly figure in khaki seated on a big black horse gracefully waltzing away down the hillside.

WINGS OF MORNING

By *Bertha Newberry*

I snared the wings of a sunful morning
In the silken net of my desire.
They gave their gold for my adorning—
Oh, cloth-of-gold was my attire!
They fanned the south wind into spreading
The small, sweet buds in open bloom,
That I might go in pleasure treading
On perfume.

They brushed the noon's clear crystal burning
From out my pathway sweet and fair,
The purple twilight, at their spurning,
Fell like a veil upon my hair.
A star out-held a golden chalice
Brimmed with love's potion brewed for me.
I cast the cup with wanton malice
In the sea.

Then broke the morning wings, that bore me,
Against the cold moon's colder breast
And vanished, drifting far before me,
Somewhere adown the distant west.
And now, the pallid days go creeping
Among the wan and wearied years,
While I am left twixt death and sleeping,
Veiled in tears.

CHAPTER V

OUR PENINSULA NEIGHBORS

Monterey

IF YOU glance back as you reach the top of the hill on your first trip from Monterey to Carmel, you will exclaim in delight at the panorama spread out below. The sun glistens on the red and green roofs of the little white houses of Monterey . . . colorful fishing boats lie on the dimpling blue waters of the bay . . . a white, foam-fringed beach stretches in a long crescent to lose itself at the foot of the mysterious Santa Lucia range of hills.

If you linger in Monterey for a day, you will doubtless hunt out the old adobes scattered here and there in the maze of the town's winding streets—old mud walls and buildings dreaming in the sunshine now, but full of the reminiscent glory of the times when dashing caballeros and dainty senoritas danced the tarantella in the moonlight. You will visit the big barrack-like house where Robert Louis Stevenson lived; Colton Hall, in which the first constitution of California was adopted and the first California legislature was held; the House of the Four Winds, said to be the first

Hall of Records in the state; and the quaint little low building, half-frame, half-adobe, which so proudly bears the title "First Theater of California."

The old Custom House where Commodore John Drake Sloat hoisted the first American Flag in Cali-

PAINTING BY ARTHUR HILL GILBERT OF MONTEREY.

fornia on July 7, 1846, stands at the water's edge, one of the most interesting and admired with its long veranda and tiled roof. The white monument commemorating this event stands on one of the low hills in the Presidio of Monterey.

Many of the old landmarks have given way before

the march of the late progressive spirit. The beautiful old Sherman Rose adobe was taking up valuable space in the center of the business district where it was "sitting in the sun and dreaming its endless dream." It was decided that a modern bank building should displace it—and the history and romance that lingered there have fled before the coming of the money-changers.

And the first frame house in California, brought around the Horn on a sailing vessel and set up on Munras Avenue, has long since been torn down and replaced by a brightly-painted service station.

Many of the old adobes have crumbled into dust but fortunately others have been restored and made into picturesque dwellings by those whose vision enabled them to appreciate the beauty and historical value of these romantic structures. The scenes of *Tortilla Flat* and *Cannery Row,* written by John Steinbeck, are laid in Monterey, and the author has bought one of the old adobes for his permanent home.

Laura Bride Powers, for many years Custodian of the Old Custom House Museum fought tirelessly for the preservation and recorded history of the old landmarks. And Colonel Roger S. Fitch, president and leading spirit of the Monterey History and Art Association, has been influential in having the people of Monterey realize the historical value of these sentinels of the past.

Despite the efforts of the commercially minded, the City of Monterey is still a decided link with the romantic past of early California history. Reminders of the past are occasionally revived in pageants and fiestas where the descendants of the early Spanish families can be seen in their mantillas, high heeled shoes and flounced skirts.

For many years the shifting sands and tides alternately covered and exposed the old hulk of the steamship *Natalie,* wrecked on the Monterey shore. She was formerly the *Inconstant,* the ship on which Napoleon Bonaparte escaped from the exile island of Elba in 1815. Eighteen years later she was flying the American flag and, though supposedly working in the interests of California colonization, was probably being used for smuggling. After the heavy gale which drove her to destruction, Don Jose Abrego salvaged as much as possible of her teakwood timbers and used them in building the interior of his adobe house in Monterey. Several years ago, an unusually low tide revealed the last of the hulk, and planks, copper rivets and other mementoes of the famous craft were secured before she disappeared for what is probably the last time.

Pacific Grove

Our neighbor on the other side of the Peninsula is noted for the Hopkins Marine Station, a branch of Stanford University. Many leading scientists have made important contributions there to the study of marine life.

Pacific Grove residents are foremost in their encouragement of the arts, particularly in the field of music. They have sponsored many fine concerts by noted artists.

The big event in Pacific Grove each year is the day when the famous Monarch butterflies arrive. Their home is a Shangri-la some place on the North American

continent, but they keep their secret well. They return to Pacific Grove each year almost to the day, pick their camp on their favorite trees, stay a few months and leave exactly on schedule. The annual arrival of the Monstrous butterflies is celebrated by Pacific Grove residents in festivals and pageants and attracts many visitors.

ETCHINGS AT CARMEL

By *Clinton Scollard*

DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS

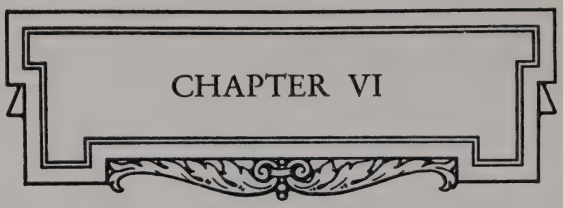
Down from the heights of Carmel the pine boughs
And cypress arms in blended beauty reach;
Below them in an undulating line,
The beryl billows break upon the beach.

Beyond the sea kelp sways on the long surge,
And toward the horizon, miles on golden miles,
The fathomless Pacific sweeps away
To beckoning palms on dream envisaged isles.

POPPIES

Their chalices of ruddy gold
The poppies lift beguilingly;
What a rich nectar they will spill
When the south wind sets in from sea!

And yet the sun will brim them still
And will fill each shining cruse;
Flooded with radiant dreams they are,
And we have but to stoop and choose;
A dream for you, a dream for me,
A loveliness that never dies,
Beside the curve of Carmel bay,
Beneath the curve of Carmel skies.



POINT LOBOS

By *Jeanne D'Orge*

There is no legend of this place
no myth of Gods or men
that being told could be translated
into our tongue,
or being translated could be understood
of our mind.
This is a lost place—out of the memory of the race—
of any known race.
One goes into it unaware;
one comes out from it haunted
as the trees are haunted
and the undying rocks
and the dark groves where fear is.
These that are here have no likeness;
they are not troubled as we are troubled;
they move on different feet—they look with other eyes
on a sea that holds their ships—
ships that come and go,
mysterious as thought—
shadows in a moon.

THREE miles from Carmel is a promontory extending into the sea. Its geographical name is Point Carmel, but it is known to the people roundabout as Point Lobos—for wolf tracks were there before the footsteps of man. Thin — lonely — gaunt — Point Lobos sticks its encrusted nose into the water of the Pacific. Sharp, angular offshoots of the headland surround fathomless deep pools and swirling surf. Huge cypress trees, bare of foliage, their trunks rusted with the salt spume of the sea, cling tenaciously to the rocks.

By night the moonlight gives strange fancies. The twisted limbs become ghostly arms; the black shadows are dark curtains which shield a mystic realm peopled by creatures of fantasy; wild animals come out of hiding places and steal across the moonlit spaces.

Point Lobos is a paradise to the artist, an inspiration to the dreamer of dreams, a happy-hunting ground to the writer who loves legend and romance, holy soil to the occultist who believes that a prehistoric race of men once dwelt on Lobos' jagged cliffs. In that dim past, this headland was supposed to be a veritable Garden of Eden. There was innocence and simplicity and a high state of mental development, and the people lived secure and tranquil lives. Then the serpent came and the black poison of selfishness and greed warped and distorted the men's minds and brought destruction to the race.

Those who claim to understand the language of the immortals declare that the twisted and writhing trees are but reincarnations of old souls, earthbound, and doomed to haunt the shadowy places until there shall arise a new race of god-like men. Some there are who believe that this fantastic bit of nature's workmanship

THE HEADLANDS, POINT LOBOS
PAINTING BY M. DE NEALE MORGAN.

is the only remaining part of the "Lost Hills of Lemuria."

Be all that as it may, Point Lobos is always the beautiful, the impenetrable. Its Druid altars, gnome-like trees—the ominous, many-toned voice of the sea—tie you up to a far-off past. You want to reach down into a hidden consciousness after something that has been there since the world began—tear it out of the shadows and bring it into the sunlight.

Robinson Jeffers' poem *Tamar* embodies many of Lobos' legends and tragic memories. *An Altar of the West* by George Sterling is prescient with a vision of its future inspiration. He says:

"And yet thou seemest more than all the rest
That eye and ear attest—
A watch-tower on the mountains whence we see
On future skies
The rose of dawn to be;
The altar of an undiscovered shore;
A dim assurance and a proud surmise.
A gleam
Upon the bubble, Time.

* * * * * * *

Still must thou speak,
August and consecrate,
Of that Reality we can but seek,
Tho seeking fail—
That Sun eternal and inviolate,
Whereof thou art the portent and the veil.

GENERAL JOSEPH W. STILWELL
PORTRAIT BY HOWARD E. SMITH
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOREY.

A TRIBUTE

The wars are over. The guns are silent, the carnage finished. The Army Khaki and the Navy Blue will soon disappear from our streets and the servicemen and their families will be returning to their own homes and the remaking of their lives in many different parts of America. It has been our privilege to show them some hospitality, to make them welcome in our homes, to help them bear their grief at the loss of their loved ones. We have formed many new attachments, have gained new ideas of our young people of America and a greater trust in the safety of our beloved country when placed in the hands of young men and women like those who have been with us for the past four years.

We of Carmel have always been a small group knit closely together by mutual interests. Life as we lived it was satisfying to us, built as it was on the natural pursuits and pleasures. We knew little of the younger generation or of the various parts of the country from which they came. Now we are more conscious of our American youth, of their courage, of their wide-eyed wonder at Life, their spontaneous enthusiasms, their refusal to accept defeats. And we have become better for the new blood we have received.

And so may you, whose tiny barques have landed on our shores for a time, go forth to new horizons. May each sunrise and sunset give more beauty and hope to your lives, and may there always exist some tenderness in your thoughts of Carmel and its people.

Hail and Farewell!

ADMIRAL RICHMOND KELLY TURNER
ON BOARD HIS FLAGSHIP.

Be With Us, Lord, In Times Of Peace

By *Don Blanding*

In times of war and blood and sword,
In conflict with vast evil powers,
Sustained by Thy strong arm, Oh, Lord,
We know that victory is ours.

In heedless years that follow war
When roaring drums of battle cease,
We need Thee more; we do implore,
Be with us, Lord, in times of peace.

With prayers we march against the horde,
Until the foe retreats and cowers.
Sustained by Thy strong arm, Oh, Lord,
We know that victory is ours.

Defeat can triumph after war;
While we rejoice our foes increase.
We need Thee more; we do implore,
Be with us, Lord, in times of peace.

When victory at last is ours.
When we put down the gun and sword,
For Thy strong arm and shielding powers
We do give thanks to Thee, Oh, Lord.

Pray, let us guard our hard-won peace
With valor greater than in war.
We need Thee more when battles cease.
Be with us, Lord, we do implore.

WITH PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR

OLD TIMBER—THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE.

This is an acknowledgment of the work done by Dorothea Castelhun as co-author of *Carmel, At Work and Play*, from which some portions were taken for this book.

THE VILLAGE

BOOK
SHOP
Carmel, Calif.